THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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The Arkansas Ranger:

—OR,—

DINGLE THE BACKWOODSMAN.

A STORY OF EAST AND WEST.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE PLOT THICKENS.—THE RANGER AND NINA.

It was night, and D'Orbico and Corvino were again together in the same apartment which had been the scene of their former converse.

"Corvino!"

"Well," growled the count's auxiliary.

"Is that last paper finished?"

"Yes."

"Give it me."

Corvino handed the count a paper covered with marks and numbers and various kinds of handwriting.

"This will finish the affair," exclaimed D'Orbico, in a tone of satisfaction, after he had glanced over the work. "This will finish it completely. Yes, here are all the points of our position—the three howitzers, the two redoubts, the villa Spada. Yes, yes; and you will, of course, put this in the right place?"

"Yes, in the escritoire."

"Right; now give me the original, for I wish to take it to my friend some time this week."

Corvino handed the count another paper.

"Hark!" said the count.

Corvino listened.

"I thought I heard a noise," said the count.

"It was nothing. You are always fancying noises and starting at shadows."

"Did you see the countess when you went to the Castle of San Angelo?"

"Yes, and I gave her your note."

"Well; and was she pleased at my friendly advice to confess her guilt and throw herself on the mercy of her judges?"

"No; she received your advice and your messenger with equal contempt."

"What! was she not touched by my assurance that I would see that her life was spared?"

"No," said Corvino, "she only curled her proud lip, while the color mounted to her face."

"Did you venture to say anything?"

"I asked her if she had any answer to send back, and she bade me tell you that it was unnecessary to insult her, after causing her misfortune."

"Ha! causing her misfortune?"

"Those were her very words," replied the satellite.

"Why," stammered D'Orbico, "she seems actually to suspect me."

"Rather."

"I do not wish to think so yet," said the count. "I have certainly given her no cause to suspect ill-will—taken no false step——."

"Whether you have or not, she certainly hates you with her whole heart."

"That is strange—that is contrary to my desire."

"You cannot help it," said Corvino, "you may rest assured, my lord. She hates, scorns, and despises you."

"You need not dwell upon the words so, as if you relished the unwelcome information. Perhaps, however, 'tis as well. If she manifests those feelings at her trial towards me, her kinsman, her conduct will contrast favorably with mine, and the world will deem her as devoid of generosity as of loyalty to the republic. But are we prepared, Corvino? Remember the examination takes place to-morrow."

"I have all the papers here which I have intercepted, you know."

"Ay," said D'Orbico, with deep meaning. "They are the real ones, too."

"Yes, because they are copies of our own communications."

"What will you do if they sentence her to death?"

"They will not do that."

"Perhaps."

"Well then, I have influence enough to save her life, and thus earn her gratitude."

"The American must die, though!"

"He must."

"He must be charged as the agent—the bearer of communications between the two camps."

"Yes; Allston must be ruined without fail."

"I suppose you will have Allston arrested to-morrow," said Corvino.

"I think so," replied D'Orbico.

A slight noise proceeding from a corner of the room startled the two confederates, whose guilt, in spite of their bravado, made them keenly sensitive to the slightest shadow and the faintest whisper.

"Corvino," said the count, laying his hand upon the bravo's arm, "I tell you I believe my palace is haunted!"

Corvino shuddered and crossed himself, while his bronzed countenance assumed a cadaverous hue for a moment, but a moment only. He smiled grimly at his own and the count's confusion.

"Rats, my lord," said he, "rats; nothing else. But let me see the last communication, for I must be off directly."

"True; here it is. I received it but a short time since."

He handed Corvino a paper on which were written the following words:

"Have all the powder in the excavation under the third bastion by the 20th, without fail."

"From Ondinot, or from some subordinate?" asked Corvino.

"From the general himself. I neither receive nor act upon the orders of any one but the chief."

"It is well. Have you answered it?"

"Yes. I told them it was now ready."

"Well, then, you had better burn this communication."

"Burn it?" exclaimed D'Orbico, with a crafty smile; "surely you would not counsel that?"

"I should not care to have such a document in my possession, if I were in your place."

"There is not the slightest danger."

"There we differ," said Corvino, drily.

"See you that I may require these documents as proofs of my services when the French come?"

"Well, I only bid you take care, my lord. There is one already on your track!"

"Who," cried D'Orbico, startled at the earnestness of his confederate.

"A dangerous fellow—Dingle, the American." And, refusing to be more explicit, Corvino threw on his cloak, and hurried off, leaving D'Orbico perplexed and uneasy.

CHAPTER XIII.

NINA.

DINGLE was reclining in his cave in the Catacombs, regaling himself with the flavor of some excellent Turkish tobacco, the smoke being inhaled through the long spiral tube of a pipe purchased at Stamboul. His eyes, "that melted in love and that kindled in war," now rested with a softened expression on the fair face and graceful form of a lovely girl, who occupied a raised seat near him, and gently and not unskilfully touched the strings of a Spanish guitar.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"A perfect picture!" muttered Dingle, mid whiffs. "Beats all the canvass and marble angels I ever see, all to pieces. And this is no dream, but real flesh and blood, done up in regimentals at a total disregard of cost."

"Did you speak?" said Nina, with a quick smile, and looking up with eyes that flashed like diamonds as they glanced at the ranger.

"I was talking to a very ugly, rusty customer, Nina," replied the backwoodsman, "myself."

"And what were you talking about, captain?"

"About you. I was saying to myself that you were the prettiest creature I ever saw—*bella* (beautiful.)"

"Did you say so, captain?" cried Nina, with the simple delight of a child.

"Certain sure."

"I wronged you though. *Bella?*—you are *bellissima*—most beautiful."

Nina blushed, laughed, jumped from her seat, and, humming a military quickstep, marched to and fro with a jaunty air, her scarlet feather flaunting saucily from her hat.

"She steps like a race-horse," murmured Dingle, admiringly. "Ah, she has as clean a fetlock as my little Paray Flower, the fleetest racer in the valley of the Red River, and an eye like a gazelle, and a heart like—creation! her heart is bigger than the dome of St. Peter's!"

"Come hither, Nina," he added, gently, "come and sit beside me. I'd give you my arm for a stroll up and down the gallery, only the cut pains me. I'm built on the stub-and-twist principle, but yet I'm neither of brass nor iron—not quite invulnerable."

"Ah, you suffer, *povero*," said Nina, sitting down beside him and gently touching his arm. "Does it pain you much?"

"Not when you touch it, Nina. It seems as if your fingers had a spell to banish every twinge—and I'm sure there's no surgeon in Rome who would have tended the wounds of a great hulking fellow like me so tenderly."

"And your other wounds?"

"They will be well in a week."

"I'm so glad!" cried Nina.

"Are you, *belissima e carissima* (fairest and dearest)?"

"Yes," said Nina, sofily, as her long dark lashes veiled her lustrous eyes in modest confusion.

"But I have another wound—a deeper one—that the skill of no Roman leech can heal," said Dingle.

"Another wound, and I not know it?" cried Nina, with a start.

"Yes, in the tenderest part," said the ranger, gravely.

"And you have concealed it?"

"I have concealed it."

"It must be a severe wound indeed, that will baffle my skill," said Nina.

"I didn't say it would baffle *your* skill."

"O, I'm so glad," said Nina.

"I have been suffering with it a long time."

"I'm so sorry," said Nina.

"Glad and sorry in a breath! Why, Nina, you're a perfect weathercock. But the worst of it is, I'm afraid you wont undertake my cure."

"*Capitano!*" said the girl, reproachfully.

"And what's more," continued the ranger, "you inflicted the wound yourself!"

"I!" cried Nina, with a start.

"Yes—and with those bright eyes that open so wide, like a startled fawn's."

Nina dropped her eyes again in confusion.

"Now, only the one who gave the wound can effect a cure," said the ranger. "Hear me, Nina," he added, seriously, as he took her little hand in his huge brown palm. "Don't turn away from me, for I am your friend—ay, more than that. When I first saw you, little Nina, you touched my heart—it's a soft one, though it does beat under a rude exterior. Friendless and unprotected as you were, I resolved to extend a brother's care over you. Very soon your winning ways, your artless charms, your heroism, awakened a deeper and a tenderer feeling—admiration, respect, enthusiasm, blended into one consuming passion; gratitude has sanctified and elevated it. It is no longer as a brother—no longer with the cold regard of a mere protector, that I look upon you——. Why! What have I said, Nina, *carissima?*—you are weeping!"

"It is nothing—nothing, signor," said the girl, as the tears fell hot and fast upon Dingle's hand.

"Nina, had you a father, mother or brother to look after you, I would not speak as I do. But you are alone in the world, and we have been thrown together in a manner which warrants me in addressing you, and I do it with the utmost respect. One word from your lips will make me the happiest or the most miserable of men. If you can try to love me, little Nina, I will do my best to make you happy; and, O, I feel now, rough rover as I have been, that love that gilds the darkest scene. It can light up this cavern as if it were a palace hall in carnival. It can send a man with a light heart into the carnage of the fiercest fight. Such will be your love to me. And when these wild times are over, I will take you to my own land—the land of flowers and birds and running streams and green prairies and, better still, of free hearts and hands. There, Nina, that's the longest speech I ever made in my life; but it came from my heart, girl—and even a criminal is privileged to speak before he receives sentence."

Nina had ceased to weep. She lifted her eyes, radiant with undisguised happiness, to the open countenance of the western ranger. She returned the pressure of his hand, and exclaimed, with all the fervor of her Italian nature:

"I ask nothing more than to live with you and die with you or for you!"

"Say that again," cried the ranger.

Nina blushed a little, but repeated her declaration firmly.

Dingle caught her in his arms, pressed her to his heart and lips, held her off at arm's length, kissed her again, and then sat down, and, covering his face with his hands, cried like a child.

"What is the matter!" cried poor Nina, putting away his hands. "You are sorry."

"Sorry, darling? I was crying for joy. I couldn't help it."

"And that is what I was crying for just now, when you talked to me so kindly."

"I was unmanned for a moment," said the ranger, drawing the back of his hand roughly across his eyes, "but that's all over now. A man is never the worse for a pure true love for a noble hearted woman—and you, Nina, have the heart of a heroine under the jacket of a *vivandiere*. You would never keep me by your side when danger summoned me to the field."

"Never," replied Nina; "if I could not go myself, I would pray to the Virgin for your safety and success. And that reminds me that it is high time for you to start about your friend's business. But are you strong enough?"

"Strong enough to grapple with a bear!" said the ranger. "The only weak point about me is my left arm, and I could manage a tussle without bringing that into play."



THE ARKANSAS RANGER AND NINA THE VIVANDIERE.

As he spoke thus, the whole man seemed changed on the instant. His tenderness and careless gaiety gave way to shrewd gravity and earnestness. He laid aside his pipe, and exchanged his long loose dressing gown for his hunting frock.

"I'll get your pistols," said Nina. "I have loaded them carefully." And she hurried off.

"That gal's a jewel," said Jonadab. "She is as handy with a pistol as a light dragoon, and I shouldn't care to face her at ten paces if I was her enemy, for she's as cool as ice, and her nerves as steady as clock work. She's a glorious creature, and a fit bride for a western ranger."

At this moment Nina returned with the pistols, and Jonadab disposed them carefully about his person.

"Your friend is fortunate in having such a comrade," said Nina, "as fortunate as D'Orbico is unlucky to have you for his deadly foe."

"You never spoke a truer word," said the ranger. "Jonadab Dingle never forgot a friend and never forgave an enemy—at least till he had made full atonement for wrong doing. And I'll teach the whiskerando count a lesson for meddling with free and enlightened Americans—the viper! He may be as cunning as a Blackfoot, but I've trailed prairie serpents than he. Good by, Nina. What a sensation you'll make in Arkansas, if ever we get there!"

He turned to go, but came back after a moment.

"I'd forgotten something."

"What is it?"

"Something very important to the success of my enterprise."

"Anything I can help you?"

"Yes, I can't have it without your help."

"What is it?"

The ranger's explanation was a kiss, having achieved which he hurried away. Nina stood looking after him, a blush upon her cheek and a gleam of ineffable tenderness in her moist, dark eyes. Her bosom heaved beneath her little military jacket, and then, as she slowly turned back to her chamber, she murmured the endearing word—

"*Carissimo!*"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRIAL.

THE Hall of Judgment was on the Capitoline Hill. There, in a large apartment capable of holding several hundreds of spectators, the court had assembled to try the case of the Countess Leonora d'Avenna. From the far famed hill of the capital, the eye could take in at a glance all the wonders of ancient and modern Rome. But now the all-absorbing object of attention was the besieging army, whose tri colored banners flouted the air almost in the immediate neighborhood. Ever and anon the deep boom of cannon broke upon the ear, and the sharp whistle of a passing ball or the furious rush of a live shell, showed the approach of more fatal and effective operations on the part of the enemy.

Though the French were now bombarding the city, the Romans bated nothing of their resolution. They fought heroically, with a spirit and an energy worthy of the best days of their predecessors. The French themselves were amazed at the resistance they encountered. Expecting to find none, or, at most, a half formal opposition, they discovered the whole city unanimous for defence against the invaders, and twelve thousand inexperienced militia, transformed into effective troops, and inspired with one common impulse, resolved to fight to the last for their glorious city. As fast as the works of the besiegers were erected, counter-works of the most skilful and efficient construction were executed under the hand and eye of Garibaldi, who was the life and soul of the defence. Wherever an attack was made, Garibaldi sent his men to foil the enemy. Whenever a sortie on the part of the besieged took place, it was sure to be brilliantly executed, and generally resulted to the advantage of the Romans.

But still the doom of the city was certain. Rome was so extensive that ten thousand men could but partially defend it. They were losing ground every day, and the enemy perceived it. Slowly but surely, in spite of the checks we have noted, the operations of the besiegers went on, and the last day of the republic was at hand.

These circumstances aggravated the danger of the countess's position. They embittered the mind of the people so strongly, that they thirsted like tigers for the blood of some sacrifice. To be suspected of friendship to the French, was certain death. No one could allude to the possibility of the city falling into their hands except at peril of his life. But a day before, they had torn to pieces a priest who incautiously said that Rome must yield, and to-day they were still more ready to slay one who was so universally suspected of being a traitress. So now, on the day appointed for trial, the judges assembled—

Jester's Picnic.

Misplaced Affection.—Loving Wife—Here, James, see what a good wifey I've been in your absence. Whilst you've been away, amusing yourself, I've cleaned all your pipes. Look, sir, I'll be bound you wouldn't know this meerschaum again? It looks nice and clean now, doesn't it?—though you can't tell, dear, what a deal of time it took me to take all the nasty color and dirt off. I assure you I had to scrape it ever so thick with an oyster knife!

[Poor James looks very disconsolate, and gazing with eyes of abject despair on his favorite meerschaum that had taken him five years' hard smoking to "colotter," turns upon his heel and wipes away a tear!]

Uncle Isaac was a great stickler for grammar. He always stuck to it that the adjective *good* admitted of no degree of comparison; "For," said he, "what is good is good enough." One day, brother Jake was reading aloud the adventures of an unlucky and not remarkably bright youth. When he came to the sentence, "Long ere Joe returned," Uncle Ike suddenly interrupted him, for the seventeenth time: "Tut, boy! that's very bad grammar—read correctly—*long-er d*—there is no such compound adjective as long-ear."

"My lord," wrote a game-keeper to his employer, to whom he was sending a hamper of game, "I send you three——"

He stopped, and addressing a rustic friend, "Tell me, old fellow—how many b's in rabbit?"

"Ah, that depends—how many are you sending?"

"Three."

"It's three b's then—one for each rabbit."

The game-keeper continued: "My lord, I have the honor to send you three *robbits*."

Upon a performance of Douglas Jerrold's play of Black Eyed Susan, the actor who played the part of *William* was rather deficient in musical powers. So he sang the verse:

"All in the Downs the fleet was moored, etc.,"

to another tune; when, a kind, weak-hearted woman in the boxes, dissolved in tears at the actor's sorrows, sobbed aloud: "Poor fellow, he's so cut up he's forgot the air!"

Leasing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold on the table.

"Of course you counted it," said one of his friends.

"Counted it!" said Leasing, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

"Have you heard of the row the oystermen at Prince's Bay are kicking up about the location of the quarantine at Seguine's Point?"

"I have, sir, and think their conduct in the premises unreasonable.

"Don't say unreasonable, say shell-fish; for don't you see they are afraid the bivalves will catch some contagious disease, and be confined to their beds thereby?"

Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years.

"Well, Tom," says one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?"

"Yes; and I've a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl."

"I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

The following editorial is decidedly clever and cool: "The editor has gone up the river for a few days. All good articles, facetious remarks, puns, and typographical errors may be attributed to his absence. In order to give variety and vigor to the paper, he will frequently leave it for a week or so." It is to be hoped that the readers of this journal will learn to appreciate his endeavors.

"You see, grandmother, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and, by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

"bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my young days, they just made a hole in both ends and sucked."

Bonaparte once at a party placed himself directly before a witty and beautiful lady, and said very abruptly:

"Madame, I don't like that woman at all beside with my politics."

"You are very right, general," she replied, "but in a country where women are beheaded, it is natural that they should desire to know the reason."

When you say, in a phrase which is now Americanized, such and such a man is a "brick," do you think or do you know the origin of it? It is this: an Eastern prince on being asked, "Where are the fortifications of your city?" replied, pointing to the soldiers: "Every man you see is a brick."

A poor, emaciated Irishman, having called a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster and clapped it on the poor fellow's breast. Pat, with tearful eye, looking down upon it, said:

"Doctor, dorther, dear, it strikes me that it's a dale of mustard *for so little meat!*"

"Charley," said a father to his son, while they were working at a saw-mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with the first cut."

"The first cut," said the son, as he assisted the old man in rolling over a log, "is always a slab."

An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. The wife said: "Notice that moon, how bright, and calm, and beautiful!"

"Couldn't think of noticing it," replied the editor, "for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

"What medal is that?" was the question put to a French soldier, pointing to the Victoria medal on his arm.

"We call it a salvage medal!" replied the Frenchman.

"Why?"

"Because we got it for saving the English army."

No wonder the fair sex disliked Dr. Johnson, when he said: "People flock to hear a woman preach, not because she preaches well, but because she preaches anyhow; just as they go to see a dog walk on his hind legs, though he does not walk on them near so well as a man."

"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you wont buy any more gunpowder tea for mother."

"Why not?"

"Because every time she drinks it, she blows us up."

"Go to bed, sir, immediately."

HARD OF HEARING.

There was Mrs. F.,
So very deaf,
She might have worn a percussion cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap!

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stern, implacable, and ready to mete out the fullest penalty of a cruel law to every offender.

The hour arrived, and judges, lawyers, witnesses, prisoner and spectators were all assembled. The countess Leonora was very pale, but she looked composed, glanced haughtily around at the assembly in the pride of conscious innocence, and appeared to be but little broken by the cruel and unexpected blow which had fallen upon her.

There was the Count D'Orbico, with his features wearing an ill-dissembled air of sorrow and compassion. There was Corvino, dark and sinister, and there, too, with pale face and excited air, was Allston. The case was so important that it was generally believed that it would occupy two or three days.

The trial commenced with the usual formalities, and a number of witnesses were sworn. The first called upon to testify was Count D'Orbico. He appeared much distressed and agitated, and begged the court to excuse him for exhibiting unusual feeling, as his emotions were entirely beyond his power of control. He said that he was astonished beyond all measure at the charge brought against his friend and relative, and declared that in the sight of Heaven he believed her innocent. His evidence, he said, was little worth. He spoke in warm tones of her fascinating and innocent manners, and her boundless hospitality. She was known as one who had exhibited great friendship for the leaders of the republic. (Here he was interrupted by groans from the crowd, suppressed with difficulty by the authority of the court.) The countess was known to them all. He could not deny that she was proud of her patrician birth and ancestry, and that her ideas were high-flown. It was not to be expected that a lady of her high rank, even when sympathizing with a popular movement, could cease to be *aristocratic*. At that artfully introduced epithet, hateful to the lower orders of the new republic, the people uttered a cry of hatred, and glared with vengeful eyes upon the unfortunate countess. She returned their vulgar clamor and insolent looks with a fearless gaze of pity, blended with an expression of indescribable contempt. The count made a deprecatory gesture, and retired from the stand.

The second witness was Corvino. The story of this perjured villain was somewhat in this fashion: While giving his evidence he assumed with some success an air and tone of great simplicity and honesty. He said he had felt very angry with the traitor who was acting as a spy, for the French, and preparing to deliver the city into their hands. He was ambitious to do something for his country—to fight for her, to die for her if need be, for he loved, yes, dearly loved, his country, and what wonder? he was a Roman! (Applause from the rabble, checked by the court.) He accordingly watched the French outposts very narrowly, and one day saw a French officer, apparently of high rank, riding away from the lines. He instantly resolved to track him. Creeping along under cover for a long time, he kept him in sight, until he reached a certain point at a great distance from the camp, where he saw the officer halt and turn about. He hid himself behind a rock. The officer rode carelessly along, like a man on a pleasure excursion. Corvino watched him carefully until he reached his hiding place. He then discharged his carbine with such accurate aim that the Frenchman's horse fell dead. The officer was thrown to the ground, but instantly sprang to his feet, drew his sword, and defended himself bravely. After a short, fierce struggle, witness succeeded in disarming the officer. He then prepared to bring him into Rome. The officer appeared much pained and mortified at his capture, and Corvino offered to release him on condition of his telling who the traitor was who acted as a spy for the French. The officer refused for a long time, until, on Corvino's threatening to take him into the city and deliver him to the vengeance of the populace, who would most assuredly extort the facts by torture, he finally confessed that the spy was a lady—the Countess d'Avenna. There were others, too, engaged in furnishing information to the enemy, but she was the chief. He said that she had sent them plans and maps of all the redoubts, bastions and batteries of the Romans, and had promised to send them a plan of a subterranean entrance into Rome through the Catacombs.

Here a howl of indignation arose from the populace, and they made a rush for the countess, whom they would have seized but for the prompt intervention of the soldiers, who forced them back with their bayonets.

Corvino proceeded, after the interruption had ceased, and said that the French officer had told him many things about the countess, and related the way in which she received and despatched communications. It was by means of some brigands in her employ, who lived in the Catacombs, and knew the passages to the French camp. The French officer also said that the countess had told them of the discovery of the powder magazine, just in time to enable them to save themselves. They would have been totally ruined but for her timely information.

Here the tumult became terrific.

"The fiend!" cried one.

"The traitress! The sorceress!"

"Down with her! Death to the spy and traitress!"

"She shall be torn limb from limb!"

Such were the cries of the multitude, blended in one terrific howl that swayed through the court room like the wrathful voice of the ocean roaring through a cavern. Again the soldiers were compelled to use force, to beat back the fierce, swaying crowd, animated with the thirst for vengeance.

Corvino went on to speak of the arts by which the countess had endeavored to obtain the reputation of being a fast friend to the republic—of her liberal expenditures of money in the cause. So highly had she been esteemed, that no state secrets had been withheld from her. Her advice and opinion were readily sought and valued; hence she was able to impart most valuable and reliable information to the French—who would even now be in possession of the city, but for the providential discovery of her treason. The French officer said that his comrades detested her, and that he felt no compunction in disclosing her villany, since the city was now certain to fall, even without her assistance. The witness said that directly on his return to the city, he had sought out the Count D'Orbico, whom he had heard of, latterly, as one of the republican chiefs—one who had surrendered his time, talents, life and money, to the service of his country. He therefore told him all, without reservation. The good count was infinitely pained and shocked at what he heard. In fact, Corvino hardly understood why he should be so much affected, until the count told him of his relationship to the accused. But he was so pressed by the accuser, that he did not allow his friendship, nor even the ties of blood, to prevent the performance of his duty. He manfully told the witness that if he loved his country less, he would offer a golden guerdon for his silence, or would seal his lips with a dagger. But Rome was more to him than his own life and the honor of his family. So he sent the witness to Garibaldi and the other chiefs, who listened with consternation to his story. They at once had her arrested, and the witness volunteered to add that he had heard that papers confirmatory of his accusations had been found upon the prisoner.

Another witness, one of the officials who had searched the countess's private room, exhibited papers which had been found there. One of her servants reluctantly testified to the fact of the documents having been found in the place mentioned. The papers comprised several plans exhibiting the bastions and military works of the garrison, very accurately drawn. That which excited the most attention was one which had evidently been sent to the French general. It was covered with notes and marks, and written questions, such as whether the works marked "A" and "B" were constructed of earth or stone, and other interrogatories of that kind. There were some little notes and messages which appeared to have been recently written.

These proofs, rapidly examined by the magistrates and counsel, were evidently conclusive of the prisoner's guilt. The counsel for defence were overwhelmed and astonished at a mass of documentary evidence of which they had no suspicion. Garibaldi alone, among all the presiding chiefs, appeared unmoved. He glanced at the plans carelessly and contemptuously.

"Italian trickery can accomplish much, when it has a sinister purpose in view," he said to Mazzini. "Other hands than the countess's may have been at work here."

"But, general," said Mazzini, "they were found in a drawer of her own private secretary."

"Ah, *fa niente*, revenge can do more wonderful things. Gold can open locks, and treachery conceal its fatal weapons in the most hidden recesses."

"My friend, there seems no room for doubt here. These papers, this French officer——."

"The whole story may be a fabrication of this forward witness, who has 'villain' stamped upon his hideous countenance in characters as black as night."

"He has not a very prepossessing countenance, certainly," replied Mazzini, "but you know count D'Orbico has testified to his veracity."

"But Corvino said he never saw the count until the other day."

"D'Orbico has made inquiries."

"Did he say so? I should like to know when and where. All this must be examined before my mind is satisfied."

"You are loth to believe in the guilt of the countess; but, my friend, the duty of punishment is imperative. Her guilt is apparent. It would consume all our time, were we to search into every little circumstance."

"Sir," said Garibaldi, coldly, "it is our duty to search into every little circumstance. Good God! is the fate of a high-born, beautiful woman like yonder prisoner a light affair, to be despatched with careless precipitation? My heart bleeds for her. Better delay the punishment of the guilty than to lay a rash hand on the life of one against whom, until now, malevolence even dared not to breathe a whisper. She shall not be sacrificed to the vengeance of a traitor."

"I do not understand you," replied Mazzini. "Who speaks of vengeance? What traitor have you in view?"

"You will know all soon."

"Well, sir, the other judges and myself are satisfied of the woman's guilt. The evidence is conclusive."

Other witnesses were now examined, for the purpose of eliciting an account of Leonora's behaviour in her own house at the time of her arrest. As a general thing, the domestics told the same story the old servant had related to Allston.

The countess herself had listened to the apparent proofs of her guilt with unmingled astonishment. Although she could scarcely credit the evidence of her senses, her eyes glanced alternately from the count to Corvino. The latter, however, told his story plainly and without hesitation, and the official gave his testimony with evident honesty. He, at least, was sincere. D'Orbico's face assumed an expression of profound grief, which impressed the spectators very favorably—who, shocked and indignant at the countess's perfidy, wasted all their sympathies on the broken hearted nobleman compelled to bear the burden of his kinswoman's dishonor.

Awed by the soldiers, the mob no longer attempted to rush forward, but, compelled to stand at bay, they gave vent to their feelings in hisses, hoots, yells, and those opprobrious epithets in which the Italian language is so fertile, and which the Italian populace have so perfectly at command. The countess sat amidst the storm of abuse, pale, but not trembling, looking down with serene eyes upon the tempestuous and threatening mass. Thus the trial proceeded, and thus the net that perfidy the blackest the mind can conceive had woven, was wound more tightly and inextricably around its innocent victim.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Thus far, the trial had affected the countess only, but now another person was brought upon the scene. One of the servants was upon the stand, and proved to be the very man to whom Allston had spoken when he returned to the palazzo d'Avenna and learned the countess's arrest. The old man was timid and excited. He mentioned that at a certain time his attention was called to the young American. An idea seemed to strike the examining counsel. They questioned him further. The old man was then forced to recount the behaviour of Allston—his wildness and amazement on hearing of the countess's arrest, and his subsequent indignation so fiercely and indiscreetly expressed. Gradually the whole of that memorable scene was elicited from the witness—how Allston had torn off his uniform, cursed the Roman republic, and sworn that he hoped his right arm might be withered if he ever raised it again in the defence of Rome.

At this disclosure the judges looked darkly at each other, while the hall rung with the vociferations of the crowd. The pallid countess turned yet paler, and she who had scorned to tremble for herself, now, like a true woman, trembled for her lover. Garibaldi alone was calm, for he knew how to make allowances for the impetuosity of youthful passion.

"What was his name—this young stranger, this American, this traitor?" These questions passed from mouth to mouth, and the answer was—

"ALLSTON!"

There in the very midst of that furious and excited crowd, he, the accused and accursed, stood, erect, calm, scornful, but his countenance dark with concentrated wrath. Anticipating some violence on the part of the maddened populace, his left hand sought the handle of his trusty bowie-knife, which he loosened in its sheath, while his right grasped his revolver. And thus with each hand on a friendly and familiar weapon, he stood his ground, ready to defy the multitude.

The countess saw the coming danger. She looked around her. There was no chance of escape for Allston. He must stand where he was, like a prisoner at the stake. For him to attempt an exit would be only to attract notice and to be arrested only the more speedily. No hope! no hope! A sickly fever came over her, and for a few moments she trembled violently. But this shuddering sickness of the heart passed away, and her confidence came back. A saintly enthusiasm inspired her. She raised her beautiful eyes to He[illegible] and silently poured forth her thanks fo[illegible]dinance that, if they could not live for each [illegible]er, they were at least not denied the high privilege to die together.

The old servant's testimony was listened to from beginning to end, and was followed by an ominous silence—the dread hush which precedes the outburst of the tempest.

Corvino was recalled to the stand, and requested to repeat in detail what the French officer had said in reference to the countess's confederates. The villain thus called up, said the Frenchman had mentioned several, but he could not recall them. One was the priest who had been torn to pieces a few days before. Another was a brigand, and yet another a peasant whom he could not trace. But the most important was a young man who pretended to be an American, but was in reality, a Frenchman by birth, though he had lived many years in the United States in the employ of the French government, but had never been naturalized. He had come to Rome with the French army, but, finding the city a more difficult prize than had been imagined, had conceived a project to win the favor of the Roman general. He accordingly personated an American traveller, and engaged in a preconcerted skirmish with some French soldiers to give a color to his scheme. The bodies of some murdered Italians, dressed in French uniforms, were placed on the scene of the strife, to give an air of reality to the struggle, and in this situation he was found by a party from the city, and brought in. It was arranged between him and his friends outside, that after he had entered the service of Rome, he should encounter a body of French troops and put them to flight, which was accordingly done. It was hard to get them to obey, and they made more of a resistance than Oudinot had intended, but the orders of their general, coupled with the previous onslaught of the Roman troopers, crowned the scheme with success. All this was done to make him popular with the Roman people and secure the fullest confidence of the republican leaders. Corvino said the French officer had mentioned the name of this man, too—it was ALLSTON.

Allston! a hundred tongues repeated it. But at the first utterance of that name by the miscreant on the stand, a piercing shriek rang through the hall—a shriek that told of such agony of soul that the stoutest heart quailed as it smote the ear. The awful thought that all was over, flashed through the countess's mind, and, like the victim of the Inquisition at the last turn of the rack which human nature can endure, she shrieked, and fell senseless. Lie there for awhile, poor lady! Too soon, alas, will you return to consciousness!

"Bear the guilty woman away—bear her away!" said the president to some of the officers of the court. "Get women to see to her, and when she has recovered, apprise us, that she may be brought back and her trial continued."

But his words were unheard in the tumult that instantly arose. Hundreds of voices were shouting for Allston's death. Thousands outside, informed of what was transpiring, clamored for his blood. "Allston! Give him up to us! Let us do justice to the traitor!" burst forth on every side, as, of old in the Flavian amphitheatre, their fathers clamored for a man to be thrown to the wild beasts in the arena.

The object of this fiery hate could not long remain unnoticed. The minions of D'Orbico and Corvino, who were plentifully scattered throughout the crowd, pointed him out, and the whole audience made a frantic rush for him. While the judges were deliberating whether they should order his immediate arrest, the soldiers standing by, waiting for orders, the civil and military officers bewildered by the frantic demonstrations of the ravenous multitude, Allston was surrounded by a crowd of howling, raging men, who seemed far more like tigers than human beings.

"Tear him to pieces!"

"Give us his blood!"

"Death to the French spy!"

"Death to the traitor!"

Surrounded by his foes, the young American stood sternly at bay. The vile charges against the countess, the abominable testimony of the witnesses, and the final charge against himself, had roused him to frenzy. His eyes flashed fire, and indignation imparted to his frame a giant's strength. Disdaining to utter a single word, he drew forth his faithful revolvers.

On came the mad crowd, clamoring for his blood. No attempt was made by the court to protect him, for even Garibaldi dared not, at that moment, check the wrathful tide of popular vengeance; so that the safety of the young American depended on himself. His back was braced against the wall, and, as the crowd was impelled against him, and hundreds of arms were stretched forth to seize him, he fired. One after another, the reports quickly followed. There was no faltering in his grasp, no uncertainty in his aim. If ever he took fair, deadly, unerring aim, it was at that moment, and ere a single hand had touched him, or a single brandished knife had tasted his blood, twelve bullets had reached their mark, and twelve men lay weltering in their gore at his feet. The smoke rose up and filled the room, hiding from view the young American and those nearest him. The crowd, amazed at so many reports and terrified at the death of so many of their number, fell back in terror, and many of them fled from the room.

Amidst the dire confusion, the voice of Garibaldi was at last heard. In trumpet tones, heard above the wild uproar, he uttered his orders to the soldiers, and in an instant their bright bayonets, opening a passage through the crowd, encircled Allston in a glittering ring of steel. As the smoke rolled away, Allston was seen, pale, determined, and terrible in his fury, his hand holding a gleaming bowie-knife.

"Come on!" he shouted, in Italian, "come on! I'll show you whether I arrange my fights beforehand, you cowardly and false-tongued wretches!"

"Seize him—bind him! In the name of the republic, I command his instant arrest," cried the president in a rage.

The soldiers paused for a few seconds. The sight of twelve men on the floor, laid low by a single arm, was enough to fill them with consternation. Their superstitious natures invested young Allston with some supernatural power of destruction.

"Seize him!" cried the sergeant, and he sprung at his throat like a mastiff.

"*Diavolo!*" said Allston. "Don't choke me." And he dashed the sergeant to the ground with a blow of his fist; then calmly putting up his bowie-knife, he held out his hands and said:

"Here, I yield. I do not dispute the authority of the republic, but I had a right to defend myself against a felon mob."

The soldiers seized him eagerly and carefully, as though they doubted whether he was really in their possession. They bound his arms tightly behind him, and then escorted him behind the railing that separated the court from the spectators.

The crowd had now returned, and clamored more fiercely than ever for his blood, their passions inflamed by the sight of the slain that cumbered the floor. They seized the railing and shook it as enraged tigers shake the bars of their cage. The presiding judge crimsoned with anger.

"Back!" he shouted. "Stand back! If you violate in this way the sanctity of your hall of justice, I will sweep it clear with troops. You will retire then fast enough. You fled just now before a single man."

Furious menaces and shouts replied to this speech.

"Clear the hall!" said the judge.

With fixed bayonets the soldiers advanced, and the crowd retired before them.

"The court is adjourned," said the president.

Allston saw the countess carried away in a litter, and shortly afterwards he was himself conveyed to prison.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAPTIVE.

A PRISONER! When the fever of his blood, raised to lava heat by the charges against the countess and himself and the scene of combat in the court room, had subsided, Allston fully realized what it was to be suddenly deprived of liberty and incarcerated in a loathsome dungeon. The gloomiest cell that he had ever imagined—the darkest and most dreary cavern—all that he had ever read of in old legends, or had tried to picture when he listened to the history of captives, was not half so fearful as the dread reality. His cell was a small one, only eight feet in length by four in width, and hardly high enough to admit of his standing erect. It was damp and slimy, the floor slippery, and the walls covered with green mould. In one corner a rude bed of straw was placed upon some boards, and beside it was a plate containing some black bread, and a pitcher filled with water. The light by which these objects were rendered visible, came from the flickering rays of a dull lamp which stood in a niche opposite the door and projected some of its rays through a hole.

Allston paced up and down his dungeon, his head bent to avoid striking the low ceiling, his arms folded, and his step uncertain. It was a poor consolation thus to tread those narrow confines, but even as the caged lion will walk incessantly round and round his prison, so was it with our friend. It was the day after his trial, and he was still uneasy at its events. His mind was agitated beyond all measure, as he thought of the dangers to which the countess was exposed, and he longed to fly to her assistance. He racked his ingenuity in vain, in the hope of discovering some mode by which she could escape. As he looked around his dungeon and saw how closely he was confined, despair began to seize upon his soul. If he were only free, there might be some chance for aiding the countess, but now a prisoner, it seemed as if all hope had indeed vanished. In fact, the more he reflected on his miserable situation, the more his mind was filled with despondency—the gloom seemed to settle over him like a pall, and the only ray of hope came from the idea of the speedy triumph of the French.

No daylight was visible in his dungeon, but only, as we have said, the dim rays of the wretched lamp. His watch, however, informed him of the slow passage of time. Mid-day came—the jailor went his rounds, and after he had passed there was silence for an hour or more.

Then it was that Allston heard a peculiar noise immediately outside the door. This occurrence startled him, and he listened intently.

"Allston!"

His name, in a soft Italian voice! The prisoner sprang to the door. As we have said, it contained a small aperture which admitted the rays of the lamp in the gallery. With his eye close to this aperture, the prisoner perceived in the passage-way a beautiful young girl, wearing the dress of an Italian peasant woman, with the forefinger of her right hand touched lightly to her lips. Allston thought he had gazed into those magnificent black eyes before.

"Allston!—hist!"

She repeated his name, and then touched her finger to her lips by way of caution, and pointed up the corridor.

"I know you, and understand your signs—but who are you?"

"A friend."

"I have need of friends. I never was in a sorer strait. Do you come to me of your own accord, fair maiden?"

"A countryman of yours sent me. He bade me say to you, in English, these words: 'Dingle's on hand!' Is that right?"

"Ah, I understand. Yes, perfectly right, my pretty maid. He sent you—God bless him. Then he knows where I am?"

"He knows everything," said the girl, proudly.

"And what is your name?" asked Allston, as he gazed admiringly on the being before him.

"My name?—Nina," she replied, innocently.

"O, I remember, now. You came to solicit my aid in recovering my friend when he was a prisoner, and guided us through the labyrinth of the Catacombs to his rescue?"

"Your friend will repay the service with interest."

"You give me hope. But can it be possible to help me out of this accursed hole?"

"I came to see about that."

"But how did you obtain admission?"

Nina smiled.

"Did you bribe the jailor to let you in?"

"He does not know I am here."

"Indeed? Then you must have knowledge of some secret entrance. Can I not escape the same way?" cried Allston, joyously.

"Hush—hush! Speak lower! Not yet. Patience, patience! As yet, I only can pass in safety. To-night; yes, to-night you shall make the attempt."

"To-night? Why not now, just as well as to-night? It is dark as midnight down here."

"Yes, down here; but part of your course would lie through the outer yard, and you would infallibly be detected. To-night another way will be open for you."

"Another? O, I am willing to risk the first. Anything for liberty. O, good, kind Nina, liberate me now!"

"Foolish, impatient man—you would not risk your life for the sake of a few hours! Be patient. How can I liberate you? I have no keys now, nor any means of securing your flight."

Allston drew back, deeply disappointed.

"You will wait here patiently, when you know what I came to tell," said Nina.

"O, what is it?" cried Allston, eagerly.

"The countess——"

"O, joy! You bring me tidings of her, Nina? I thank you. The countess—what of her?"

"She is safe and well."

"And where is she?"

"In the Castle of St. Angelo, signor."

"Still there?" cried Allston, in a tone of disappointment.

"Still there? Yes, signor; you couldn't well be much nearer to her than you are."

"No nearer? Why, where am I?"

"You are in the Castle of St. Angelo, also."

"Am I?" said Allston, in a tone of joyful surprise.

"Did you not know it?"

"I was so indignant at my arrest, that I cared not, at first, whither I was led," replied he.

"Well, you are not far from the countess. Deengl knows where she is lodged. Deengl knows everything."

"Is she well?" faltered Allston.

"She is well."

"How does she look?"

"She was pale when I first saw her," answered Nina, "but ere I left her the color had returned to her cheek. Joy is a wonderful restorative. I had good news to tell her about you."

"What good news could you have told her about me?"

"That you were about to be liberated."

"Alas! I cannot believe that till I breathe the blessed air of freedom."

"Well, you will believe it to-night, and many other things besides," said Nina, gaily.

"Why do you speak in such a tone of mystery, as though you meant much more than you said?"

"I told the countess something which I have not yet told you," said Nina.

"What was it?" asked Allston, as the young girl paused.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RARE REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

We were shown to-day, the cane which General Stark held in his hand before the battle of Bennington, and which he shook at the advancing British army, exclaiming, "Boys, I'll win this fight to-day, or Molly Stark shall be a widow." He won it. The cane is of jointed Indian wood resembling bamboo, apparently heavy, but in reality light. Its color is brown, mottled with yellow. The crown is mother of pearl. It was bequeathed to Henry B. Hirst, Esq. by Mr. Stevens of Newburyport, Mass., and was delivered to him by Capt. Thomas Brown, of this city. Mr. Stevens was a descendant of General Stark. The cane never left the family. Mr. Hirst intends presenting it to the Hall of Independence.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WORKS OF NATURE.

BY MACE MAURICE.

I love to climb the mountain's brow
At sunset's golden hour,
And see the glowing orb of day,
With calm, majestic, lingering ray
Sink slowly out of power.

I love to see the pearly drop
Steal soft o'er leaf and flower,
And kiss with bright, pellucid lips—
As every sweet the glad bee sips—
Fair Nature in her bower.

I love to listen to the song
That echoes through the grove:
The little warblers full of glee,
Are merry with their jubilee,
In every bright alcove.

I love to watch the sparkling brook
Go dancing through the vale—
Now gliding smooth along its course,
Now leaping mad with furious force,
From source that ne'er will fail.

I love to stand by the ocean's side,
And hear the billows roar;
And see the swelling, heaving tide,
Which onward moves with restless pride,
Sweep all that comes before.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A RASH ADVENTURE.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

I WAS rash and self-willed in those old day[s] rasher and more self-willed than young ladi[es] are now-a-days. Age has so far cooled th[e] fever of my blood, that I can look back with little innocent wonder at the mad enthusias[m] which impelled me to seek strange adventures [in] my youth.

Once, and only once, life seemed to have lo[st] its charms for me. I was young, but I sa[w] nothing worth living for. I think I was ill of slow, nervous fever, brought on by steady appli[-] cation to one thing. At least, I had lost all in[-] terest in everything about me, and nothing le[ss] than illness could have brought me to this sta[te] for I was decidedly the most energetic of th[e] family.

I recollect that I had fever spells, when th[e] weather of the coldest of those winter days seem[-] ed insupportably warm. These were succeed[ed] by chilly hours when life seemed to stagna[te] within me, and the cold brought on a shiveri[ng] and chattering, which might have reminded [one] of the old story of Goody Blake and Harry Gi[ll] only I was able to think of nothing at su[ch] times.

It was a cold, winter afternoon, colder tha[n] usual, it seemed to me, for though I sat close [to] a genial coal fire, it seemed impossible to g[et] warm. I neither knew nor cared what my sis[ter] Ruth was doing, for, as I have said before, I h[ad] lost all interest in everything about me. T[he] door opened and my cousin Margaret entered

"What, Una, is it possible that you, of others, can crouch in such a sleepy attitude o[ver] the fire?"

I was angry at the speaker's tone, more th[an] at the words. In fact I disliked Margaret, a[nd] it was very evident that she disliked me. children we had been rivals in all our games a[nd] studies. Now we were growing older, we [en-] deavored to outstrip each other in all our p[ur-] suits, but neither could be said to eclipse [the] other. In fact, Margaret and I resemb[led] each other very much, not only in our intellect[ual] capacities, but in our tempers and our hab[its]. It was from this reason, probably that we ne[ver] could agree.

I had not been angry before for weeks, an[d] the excitement of the moment I forgot that I ill. I looked sharply at Margaret; there stood radiant with health, and almost beauti[ful]. I had never thought her so before, but now excitement of her walk had flushed her che[eks] and imparted a brilliancy to her eyes. Un[rea-] sonable as I was then, it made me still m[ore] angry to note the difference between myself [and] Margaret. A strange and unconquerable fee[ling] rose up within me to prove myself as strong my cousin, as resolute and as unflinching as was. "Do you think it would do me goo[d] walk?" said I, carelessly, to Margaret.

"Certainly I do," was Margaret's ans[wer]. "This keen, bracing air would arouse a life within you. You give up too easily and decidedly to your illness; I thought you brave to dread a winter walk."

Her words aroused in me a wild, reckles[s en-] thusiasm. I felt that I could go through and water to prove to Margaret that my bra[very] was undying. When Margaret came out home I followed her to the piazza.

"Margaret Kirk," said I, sternly, "I am g[oing] to challenge you."

She looked at me in utter astonishment moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"What do you mean?" said she.

"I mean exactly what I say," said I, co[olly]. "You like to walk, you likewise recommen[d] exercise for me. To-morrow let us walk a[s far] as that old tumble-down building that we no[ticed] last summer."

"Are you mad?" said she. "The weat[her is] growing colder, and to-morrow the mercury be below zero. Besides, that old place is miles off, and the road to it is seldom trave[lled]. There is hardly a house upon the way."

"I have thought of all that," said I. "[It is] so cold that the snow will bear our weight, it will be a most delightful walk; I quite lo[ng to] take it. Will you go, or are you afraid?"

"Not in the least," said Margaret, hastil[y, as] she saw the expression of my face. "I hesitated for your sake; as for me, I w[ould] accept your challenge even if it were to m[ortal] combat."

"Then no matter what sort of weather you agree to start upon our walk early in morning?"

"I agree," said Margaret, quietly, "so by till then, my dear."

I was restless and feverish that night

with despondency—the gloom seemed to settle over him like a pall, and the only ray of hope came from the idea of the speedy triumph of the French.

No daylight was visible in his dungeon, but only, as we have said, the dim rays of the wretched lamp. His watch, however, informed him of the slow passage of time. Mid-day came—the jailor went his rounds, and after he had passed there was silence for an hour or more.

Then it was that Allston heard a peculiar noise immediately outside the door. This occurrence startled him, and he listened intently.

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"A friend."

"I have need of friends. I never was in a sorry strait. Do you come to me of your own accord, fair maiden?"

"A countryman of yours sent me. He bade me say to you, in English, these words: 'Dingle's on hand!' Is that right?"

"Ah, I understand. Yes, perfectly right, my pretty maid. He sent you—God bless him. Then he knows where I am?"

"He knows everything," said the girl, proudly.

"And what is your name?" asked Allston, as he gazed admiringly on the being before him.

"My name?—Nina," she replied, innocently.

"O, I remember, now. You came to solicit my aid in recovering my friend when he was a prisoner, and guided us through the labyrinth of the Catacombs to his rescue?"

"Your friend will repay the service with interest."

"You give me hope. But can it be possible to help me out of this accursed hole?"

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"But how did you obtain admission?" Nina smiled.

"Did you bribe the jailor to let you in?"

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"Indeed! Then you must have knowledge of some secret entrance. Can I not escape the same way?" cried Allston, joyously.

"Hush—hush! Speak lower! Not yet. Patience, patience! As yet, I only can pass in safety. To-night; yes, to-night you shall make the attempt."

"To-night! Why not now, just as well as to-night? It is dark as midnight down here."

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"The countess——"

"O, joy! You bring me tidings of her, Nina? I thank you. The countess—what of her?"

"She is safe and well."

"And where is she?"

"In the Castle of St. Angelo, signor."

"Still there?" cried Allston, in a tone of disappointment.

"Still there? Yes, signor; you couldn't well be much nearer to her than you are."

"No nearer? Why, where am I?"

"You are in the Castle of St. Angelo, also."

"Am I?" said Allston, in a tone of joyful surprise.

"Did you not know it?"

"I was so indignant at my arrest, that I cared not, at first, whither I was led," replied he.

"Well, you are not far from the countess. Deengl knows where she is lodged. Deengl knows everything."

"Is she well?" faltered Allston.

"She is well."

"How does she look?"

"She was pale when I first saw her," answered Nina, "but ere I left her the color had returned to her cheek. Joy is a wonderful restorative. I had good news to tell her about you."

"What good news could you have told her about me?"

"That you were about to be liberated."

"Alas! I cannot believe that till I breathe the blessed air of freedom."

"Well, you will believe it to-night, and many other things besides," said Nina, gaily.

"Why do you speak in such a tone of mystery, as though you meant much more than you said?"

"I told the countess something which I have not yet told you," said Nina.

"What was it?" asked Allston, as the young girl paused.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RARE REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

We were shown to-day, the cane which General Stark held in his hand before the battle of Bennington, and which he shook at the advancing British army, exclaiming, "Boys, I'll win this fight to-day, or Molly Stark shall be a widow." He won it. The cane is of jointed Indian wood resembling bamboo, apparently heavy, but in reality light. Its color is brown, mottled with yellow. The crown is mother of pearl. It was bequeathed to Henry B. Hirst, Esq. by Mr. Stevens of Newburyport, Mass., and was delivered to him by Capt. Thomas Brown, of this city. Mr. Stevens was a descendant of General Stark. The cane never left the family. Mr. Hirst intends presenting it to the Hall of Independence. —*Philadelphia City Item.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WORKS OF NATURE.

BY MACE MAURICE.

I love to climb the mountain's brow
At sunset's golden hour,
And see the glowing orb of day,
With calm, majestic, lingering ray
Sink slowly out of power.

I love to see the pearly drop
Steal soft o'er leaf and flower,
And kiss with bright, pellucid lips—
As every sweet the glad bee sips—
Fair Nature in her bower.

I love to listen to the song
That echoes through the grove:
The little warblers full of glee,
Are merry with their jubilee,
In every bright alcove.

I love to watch the sparkling brook
Go dancing through the vale—
Now gliding smooth along its course,
Now leaping mad with furious force,
From source that ne'er will fail.

I love to stand by the ocean's side,
And hear the billows roar;
And see the swelling, heaving tide,
Which onward moves with restless pride,
Sweep all that comes before.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A RASH ADVENTURE.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

I WAS rash and self-willed in those old days, rasher and more self-willed than young ladies are now-a-days. Age has so far cooled the fever of my blood, that I can look back with a little unconscious wonder at the mad enthusiasm which impelled me to seek strange adventures in my youth.

Once, and only once, life seemed to have lost its charms for me. I was young, but I saw nothing worth living for. I think I was ill of a slow, nervous fever, brought on by steady application to one thing. At least, I had lost all interest in everything about me, and nothing less than illness could have brought me to this state, for I was decidedly the most energetic of the family.

I recollect that I had fever spells, when the weather of the coldest of those winter days seemed insupportably warm. These were succeeded by chilly hours when life seemed to stagnate within me, and the cold brought on a shivering and chattering, which might have reminded me of the old story of Goody Blake and Harry Gill, only I was able to think of nothing at such times.

It was a cold, winter afternoon, colder than usual, it seemed to me, for though I sat close to a genial coal fire, it seemed impossible to get warm. I neither knew nor cared what my sister Ruth was doing, for, as I have said before, I had lost all interest in everything about me. The door opened and my cousin Margaret entered.

"What, Una, is it possible that you, of all others, can crouch in such a sleepy attitude over the fire?"

I was angry at the speaker's tone, more than at the words. In fact I disliked Margaret, and it was very evident that she disliked me. As children we had been rivals in all our games and studies. Now we were growing older, we endeavored to outstrip each other in all our pursuits, but neither could be said to eclipse the other. In fact, Margaret and I resembled each other very much, not only in our intellectual capacities, but in our tempers and our habits. It was from this reason, probably that we never could agree.

I had not been angry before for weeks, and in the excitement of the moment I forgot that I was ill. I looked sharply at Margaret; there she stood radiant with health, and almost beautiful. I had never thought her so before, but now the excitement of her walk had flushed her cheeks and imparted a brilliancy to her eyes. Unreasonable as I was then, it made me still more angry to note the difference between myself and Margaret. A strange and uncomprehensible feeling rose up within me to prove myself as strong as my cousin, as resolute and as unflinching as she was. "Do you think it would do me good to walk?" said I, carelessly, to Margaret.

"Certainly I do," was Margaret's answer. "This keen, bracing air would arouse a new life within you. Do give up too easily and too decidedly to your illness; I thought you too brave to dread a winter walk."

Her words aroused in me a wild, reckless enthusiasm. I felt that I could go through fire and water to prove to Margaret that my bravery was undying. When Margaret came out to go home I followed her to the piazza.

"Margaret Kirk," said I, sternly, "I am going to challenge you."

She looked at me in utter astonishment for a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"What do you mean?" said she.

"I mean exactly what I say," said I, coldly.

"You like to walk, you likewise recommend the exercise for me. To-morrow let us walk as far as that old tumble-down building that we noticed last summer."

"Are you mad?" said she. "The weather is growing colder, and to-morrow the mercury will be below zero. Besides, that old place is five miles off, and the road to it is seldom travelled. There is hardly a house upon the way."

"I have thought of all that," said I. "It is so cold that the snow will bear our weight, and it will be a most delightful walk; I quite long to take it. Will you go, or are you afraid?"

"Not in the least," said Margaret, hastily, as she saw the expression of my face. "I only hesitated for your sake; as for me, I would accept your challenge even if it were to mortal combat."

"Then no matter what sort of weather it is; you agree to start upon our walk early in the morning?"

"I agree," said Margaret, quietly, "so good-by till then, my dear."

I was restless and feverish that night, and could not sleep. I had awakened so far from my previous torpor, as to feel a dull sort of hatred against all the world, Margaret ever standing in the foreground of my imagination, as the one person whom I wished to subdue by my superior strength. At length I fell asleep and dreamed a strange dream about Margaret and myself. I thought we walked and walked an incredible number of miles, until one of us dropped down, exhausted by the cold and fatigue. I experienced a strange pleasure when I saw that it was my cousin who had fallen, and I still braved cold and weariness without flinching. A light step awoke me from my uneasy slumber. I was aroused instantly into an agony of watchfulness.

"Who is there?" said I, firmly.

"Only me," was Ruth's quiet answer. "You have been talking very wildly in your sleep, and you are more feverish than usual."

"I wish you would let me alone, Ruth," said I pettishly. The next instant I was sorry for what I had said, and would have liked to recall it. But Ruth was gone, and I soon forgot all about the affair.

"Zero weather this morning," said my father, as he drew on his gloves before the bright fire, preparatory to starting to his place of business. I fancy that no one, man or woman, will venture out to day, unless it be upon business."

I laughed to myself. Little did my father know that his youngest daughter was about to take a pleasure walk upon this cold day.

After breakfast I hastily slipped on my cloak and ran over to Margaret's house. All the family were busy, and if they had not been no one would have questioned us as to where we were going.

We were soon upon the long, lonesome road that led past the old building, which had attracted my attention in the summer time. It was six months or nearly that since Margaret and I had rode past the place on horseback.

As soon as we were fairly started, a feverish feeling of delight came over me; the blood leaped madly through my veins, and I felt as if I could brave death itself and come off conqueror. As we walked briskly along, Margaret and I engaged in what she jocularly called a "pitched battle;" that is, we endeavored to convince each other that the opinions and the sentiments we each held were the only true and correct ones, and that all others were wrong. Of course we were both obstinate and could therefore not be convinced.

As I had predicted the day before, the weather was so cold that the snow bore our weight, and consequently it was not at all difficult to walk. As for the cold, intense as it was, neither Margaret nor I seemed to be affected by it.

"There," said Margaret, as we came in sight of a house, "that is the only house we shall see upon the road, and that seems to look mournful and deserted. I mean to take a long look at it."

"I should fancy you never intended to see it again," said I, as Margaret turned round to gaze long and earnestly at the lonely dwelling.

"Perhaps I never shall," said Margaret; "but I was looking particularly at what seemed to be a sleigh, near the house, and I had a fancy that I noticed Miss Ruth Crawford's sleigh. I wonder if any one is sick in the house?"

I did not care enough about the affair to answer Margaret's remark, and so we were both silent for a long time.

"What do you intend to do, Una, when you get to that old ruin? Shall we make a sentimental contract, or shall we turn round and walk back? You are the challenger, you know, so that I feel bound to give you entire satisfaction in this affair; even if it went so far as a duel, with the thermometer at zero."

"You must be patient till we get there, Margaret. How many miles have we walked?"

"Four, I should think; the old house cannot be far distant. The weather has moderated since we started, for my feet and hands have almost ceased to ache as they did at first."

"Is it possible that you have suffered from the cold?" said I. "As for me, I should fancy that my blood was so much fire rushing through my veins."

Margaret stopped suddenly in her course. "I'm afraid we've done wrong, Una, to come out to-day. We have been wild and reckless, and you seem to be in a high fever. The joke has been carried far enough; let us go back now."

She urged and entreated me to turn back, but I would not.

"Further still," I cried, with reckless enthusiasm. "I must go further. Don't let us be cowards."

She yielded to my entreaties, and so we went forward, still looking for the old house.

"Una," said Margaret, "just see here!" She pointed to some light, feathery flakes of snow, which had fallen upon her cloak. I cried out joyfully, exultingly, at sight of the falling snow; I seemed possessed by an evil spirit, upon this particular day.

A mortal dread seemed to seize Margaret. She looked back attentively upon the road that we had pursued. But the air was full of particles of snow, so that we could see but a little way.

"I believe, Una, that we passed long ago, the spot where the old house stood. Consider how far we are from home, and for my sake, if not for your own, let us make all the haste we can back."

For the first time something in Margaret's words frightened me. I turned about mechanically, and we commenced to retrace our steps, meeting in our faces the keen storm. The flakes came down so thick and fast, that it was difficult even to keep in the road, and while we made great exertions to press forward, we really made but little progress.

We lived in a part of the country which was not very thickly settled, and as I have said before, there was but one house upon the road we had travelled. Long, long before we had arrived anywhere near that, something of a change had come over me, as well as Margaret. The reckless enthusiasm, which had so recently endowed me with such prodigious strength and energy, was all gone. A reaction had taken place, and I was left weak and exhausted, and totally unable to combat the fierce storm which assailed us, and which almost buried us in white shrouds. It seemed to me to be foolish to proceed while the storm lasted. If I could only rest for a little while, I was so tired.

"Let us stop a little while, Margaret; I am so weary, I should like to lie down and rest."

There was no answer to this appeal, only Margaret held my arm more firmly and hurried me forward.

"Do let me rest!" I entreated, once again. "I am not cold, so there is not the slightest danger of freezing."

To my surprise, Margaret still remained silent, at the same time urging me forward almost roughly. What would I have given then to have been left alone and suffered to rest? I hated Margaret for obliging me to walk against my will, and I would have freed myself from the grasp of her hand, only I was too weak. But how strangely Margaret behaved! The thought struck me that she was insane.

Once while we were braving the fierce storm I managed to fall behind; Margaret urged me to make one more attempt to walk forward, and in despair at finding that I would not move, she dragged me along by main force. But we made little progress that way, and at last I became a dead weight on her hand.

She let go her hold of me at last, and suffered me to rest upon a snow-bank. The wind blew Margaret's hood aside, and for one instant I caught a glimpse of her face; the deadly paleness of it seemed remarkable to me then, even though I had but a dim consciousness of anything about me. It seemed to me as if Ruth had laid her soft, cool hand upon my forehead, and at the magic touch, the feverish restlessness, the wilfulness, the stormy temper, everything that disfigured my life and separated my nature and Ruth's, vanished. I was more like her than I had ever been before. Then the form of my phantasy changed; I was alone in a boat upon a river, and the boat was gently floating upon the calm, still waters. On each bank of the river was a vast forest, from the tops of which the sun shone down on me with a mild radiance. There was not a sound to be heard anywhere, not the least motion of the trees or ripple of the waves. I saw a white lily growing in the water, and I reached out to obtain it; just as I touched it, a dark, gloomy figure rose from the wa[illegible] Looking at me with a stern countenance the figure seized me and bore me down, down unheard-of depths, whilst the green seaweed clung to me, and a thousand voices cried, "Lost, lost!"

Was I awake or dreaming. It was Margaret's voice that reached my ear, whilst she shook me roughly.

"Una, Una, rouse yourself. You will perish if you lie here."

"Let me perish then," said I. "Only help yourself, and tell Ruth and my father that in my last thought I remembered them. And, Margaret, you and I will never quarrel again; if we had both grown up, we should have seen the folly of that, and should have been fast friends. And now, do let me die pleasantly—it is my last request."

I lost sight of Margaret; I no longer felt the cold snow falling upon my face. I seemed to be an angel in heaven and consequently I was done with all earthly things. A group of other angels came toward me and welcomed me with songs. Afar off I heard divine music, which seemed infinitely sweeter than any music I had ever heard in the world. The music came nearer and nearer, and then suddenly ceased close beside me. Some one lifted me up, but whether it was an angel or a mortal I could not tell. Something was poured down my throat; I felt the pressure of a warm hand upon my face; I opened my eyes and saw, not angels, but Margaret and Doctor Bamford kneeling beside me.

"She is alive!" cried Margaret, joyfully.

The good doctor said nothing, only grumbled a little in an undertone, and busied himself about making me comfortable. When everything was ready he lifted me into the sleigh, then Margaret, and then we seemed to be speeding away swiftly by the motion. The sound of the sleigh bells brought back my dream to my mind, and it was a curious coincidence that the heavenly music I had heard and the sound of the sleigh bells resembled each other very much.

As we whirled swiftly along with the snow-flakes falling even thicker and faster upon us, sharp pains shot through my head. The snow clad earth, the steaming horse in front of us, Margaret and the doctor, all vanished, and for the first time on that memorable day, I became utterly unconscious.

Days lengthened into weeks before I awoke to conscious life. I had passed through a long, delirious night, filled with wild ravings and strange fantasies. I had entered upon this night when the coldest weather we had experienced for many years occurred. When I awoke there was a spring-like smell in the air, and hardy crocuses and snow-drops thrust their heads up. Long before I was able to ride out, flowers had burst into bloom, and there was a green carpet upon the earth, and warm sunshine made glad the hearts of men.

I had been nigh unto death, but I never knew till long afterwards, how closely friends watched for the first spark of intellect to betray itself after my long illness. All but those who would not believe it till all hope was gone, had predicted that my fate would be that of a confirmed maniac. Happily I escaped that awful doom, and though for a long time my physical strength was gone, mentally I was as strong as ever.

I remember well a conversation to which I was a witness, in the first days of my convalescence. Margaret, never weary of nursing me, had been sitting by my bedside reading to me. At last I fell into a dreamy sort of mood; my eyes but did not sleep. Presently Margaret rose and began busying herself about the room. Then I heard the door open and Doctor Bamford entered and in his cheerful, bluff way said to Margaret:

"Well, nurse, how is our patient to-day?"

"Better, to-day, she is asleep now."

There was a long pause. The doctor sat twirling his hands and watching Margaret as she moved noiselessly about. Presently he spoke.

"Did you know that a man froze to death on that very day that you made that fool hardy expedition, last winter; froze, too, on that very road?"

"No," said Margaret, with a terror-stricken look.

"Well, it was true, and I hope it will be a warning to you. But you saved your cousin's life upon that day by keeping by her and rousing her when she seemed likely to fall into a slumber. If nothing else will rouse a person in that condition, you should strike them, beat them, anything to prevent them falling into that fatal sleep."

"But I never rightly understood how you happened to make your appearance so fortunately for us. The sound of your sleigh bells was the sweetest music I ever heard."

"My dear child, there was no happening about it. I was visiting a patient upon that lonely road, and luckily I saw you when you passed. I wondered much upon what madcap expedition you were bent. Afterwards, partly for the sake of gratifying my curiosity, and partly because I had a little regard for you, I drove on to meet you. But not a trace of you could I find for a long time. Afterwards when that snow storm came on, I discovered some tracks in the fresh snow, and thus I was able to overtake you. Did you know you were far off the right road, and were travelling fast towards no one knows where?"

"No," said Margaret, with a shudder at the remembrance of that day.

"But what I wonder most at," said the doctor, rising and walking energetically to and fro, "is that a girl of your sense should have done such a thing. You ought to have known better. As for Una, she was not a responsible person, being ill of a fever at the time."

"It was the excitement that caused me to do it," ventured Margaret.

"Excitement! I don't believe it," muttered the doctor; "but if I ever hear of your engaging in such another madcap scheme, I will—"

Then the doctor broke off suddenly and left the room without finishing his threat. What it was I could not even guess at that time. But one thing I wondered at. And that was that the proud, haughty Margaret should have become as gentle and humble as she showed herself to be.

Time passed on, and Margaret and I had reached our twentieth year. We were inseparable friends, for the events of that memorable day and the lesson we learned, had drawn us together more than anything else could have done.

True to our natures, we were both of us fond of adventure, and this induced us to accept situations as teachers at the Sandwich Islands. Margaret and I were amusing ourselves one day by recounting our plans, when we were astonished by the entrance of Doctor Bamford.

"Heigho, young ladies, are you plotting treason? What, is this I hear about your going off? Are you really so foolish?"

We assured him that we were really so foolish.

"I am extremely sorry for it," said he. "Miss Margaret, do you remember that I said sometime ago, that in case you engaged in another madcap scheme, I would be [illegible]" Here the good doctor paused again and in the interval that followed I moved away. But I caught the last words uttered in a low tone. "I would marry you, that is, if you would have me."

Margaret had no objections, and so it turned out that I went alone to the Sandwich Islands. When I came back two or three years afterwards, I found Margaret had merged into Mrs. Bamford, but was unchanged in all other things. Neither of us ever forgot that memorable day of our lifetime.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FEARFUL RECOGNITION.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It was night at Waterloo. The memorable eighteenth day of June had closed, and the crescent moon with its feeble rays but partly revealed the aspect of that field of blood. The roar of battle had ceased, the tramp of thousands of cavalry and infantry no longer shook the solid ground beneath their feet, and the smoke of the conflict ceased from the plain. The sorrowful spectacle of the unburied thousands of cold corses, through whose veins the tide of life had circulated on the morning of that day, was such as to draw tears from the stern victor of the day, as heslowly traversed the field.

Every portion of the plain was heaped with dead, and told a fearful tale of the mighty struggle. Here where the mangled bodies of the English infantry covered the ground in piles, could be seen the efforts of the French batteries whose thunders had reverberated throughout the whole action; here lay the mingled horses and riders of the opposing armies, telling more plainly than speech, of the shock of the hostile squadrons; conspicuous elsewhere were the still smoking and battered walls of Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, around whose gardens and fiercely contested defences the whole tide of battle had surged for hours, and whose approaches were choked with prostrate forms of defenders and assailants. The spot where the heroic Old Guard had striven to break the allied front of their opponents, and where they battled still, even in the hour of defeat, scorning to surrender.

The empire was lost; Napoleon had unwillingly fled from the field, and the Prussian shouts as they hurried the pursuit, had died in the distance. The roads were blocked up and cumbered by the artillery and wagons of the French, deserted in the pressure of the closely following foe.

Every part of the battle field bespoke the havoc and ruin of the day. And now that the light of day had fled, and the collision of opposing armies had ended, a scene of sickening robbery and pillage of the dead was being enacted. All around the plain stalked grim figures, stooping now and then to tear away the bullion from the shoulder of an officer, or to break the silver hilt from a sword which the combatant still clenched in his death grasp. Everything of value in their eyes was greedily snatched away and concealed by these vampyres of war, and often they finished the waning life of the wounded soldier who pleaded for some dearly cherished keepsake, even in his last agonies.

Near the spot where the English squares had so firmly resisted the Gallic onset, lying by some chance alone amid the heaps of slain around him, there lay a young French cuirassier. He had fallen in the whirlwind charge of his countrymen upon the British bayonets, and now reclined on the blood-stained grass, confined to the earth by the weight of his horse, who had fallen on his leg; his life was slowly ebbing out from a bullet wound in his breast, and his eyes closed. His face was turned up towards the sky, and the pallor of death was already upon it.

One of the gaunt female plunderers, attracted by his rich uniform, that of a captain of chasseurs, abandoned the pile of dead about which she had been hovering, and stood with greedy eyes above him, her sharp features drawn into a hideous and repulsive grin of delight. The gilded facings of his uniform first attracted her attention, and they were speedily transferred to a capacious bag she carried upon her bent shoulders. His sword, pistols, chapeau, everything of the least value was stripped from him, and she was abandoning the body for new victims, when the flash of an elegant diamond ring upon his finger attracted her attention. She seized the hand and pulled and worked the prize in vain; it would not come off. Impatiently the bag seized the sword blade from which she had wrenched the hilt, and commenced cutting the finger from the hand. The new pain revived the dying soldier, and he opened his glazing eyes and looked on the despoiler. He felt her pressure upon the finger which bore the ring, and, endowed for a moment with strength, "Woman," he shouted, snatching his hand away, "take everything else, but leave me this! It was a mother's parting gift, and I would die with it upon my finger."

She heeded not his words, but still strove to obtain the ring. As often as she grasped the hand he snatched it away, until, enraged and desperate at his resistance, she raised the blade and plunged it into his breast. With one convulsion he plucked it away his hand once more, and died.

"A mother, indeed!" soliloquized the hag. "He needs no mother now. Old Barbette was once a mother herself, but long ago, before the wars. They tore the boy away to fight, but he's dead long ago, dead, dead!"

Saying this she turned the body over to see that she had overlooked nothing. Suddenly, as she looked at the pale face of the murdered man, she started and shrieked aloud. Snatching the ring from her bag, she glanced at it, and then, tottering forward, she fell heavily across the body and died. She had murdered her own son!

Our Curious Department.

[Gathered for The Flag of our Union.]

Valuable Relic.

Col. Ethan Allen's grand-daughter resides at Mill Point, Ottawa County, Michigan. She has in her possession the identical sword with which the colonel backed up his demand for the surrender of Ticonderoga—"in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The sword is an old-fashioned one. The blade is twenty-seven inches in length and slightly curved; length of handle seven inches, making the entire length of the weapon thirty-four inches. The handle is of bone or horn. The mounting is of silver, but was washed with gold while worn by Captain Allen to match his uniform. The gold is now partially worn off. A dog's head of silver, forms the end of the handle, and from this to the guard runs a silver chain. On one of the silver bands of the scabbard, the name, Ethan Allen, is engraved in large letters; on another E. Brasher, maker, New York, and on still another, in script, Martin Vosburg, 1775."

A Chimney full of Honey.

An extraordinary bee-hive was found lately in the house of Mrs. Wheelock, corner of Spring and High Streets, Portland. Bees being seen in an upper room, the fire-board was removed, and one flue of the chimney was found to be full of honeycomb, which was hanging down into the fireplace, the honey dropping from it! The bees, then at work, seeing the light let in upon them, came out and covered the windows to the depth of three inches. These flues had never been used, but it is supposed the bees have occupied them for three years. The number of bees is estimated at 40,000 or 50,000, and the amount of honey, from 200 to 300 pounds. As the flues had never been used, they can hardly be considered very available for bee-hives.

The Cactus.

In the waterless plains of South America, says Humboldt, animals suffering from thirst seek the mesne cactus, a spherical plant half buried in the dry sand, encased in formidable prickles, but of which the interior abounds in refreshing juice. The stems of the columnar cactus often rise to the height of 30 to 32 feet; they are often covered with lichens, and dividing into candelabra-like bundles, resemble in physiognomy, some of the Euphitbiae of Africa. The denseness and hardness which the ligneous fibres attain in old cactus steme render them useful in the construction of houses, for which purpose they are employed by the Indians.

Conscience Stings.

A workman recently purchased, in a small, provincial town in Germany, ten pounds of powdered sugar, but on examining it, he found that the grocer had mixed with it at least a pound of lime. On the following day he advertised in the public prints, "Should the grocer who sold a pound of lime along with nine pounds of sugar, not bring to me the pound of sugar he cheated me of, I shall forthwith disclose the name in the papers." The next day the workman received nine pounds of sugar from different grocers who had similar actions on their consciences, and feared publicity.

A Queer Freak of Nature.

A pig, lately born, one of a litter of eight, on the farm of Ir. Haw, near Washington, D. C., had a perfectly smooth skin, fore legs which turned up in front, but one eye, in the centre of the forehead, as the nearest close up under this single eye. Its windpipe laid directly across its throat, and its heart and liver were so high up as to be almost in the throat also. It was born alive, but died soon after.

Remarkable Occurrence.

The Scientific Therapeutique contains the curious case of a worker in metals, who has wrought in copper only five months, and whose hair, which was lately white, has now turned to a decided green. Chemical analysis has proved that his hair contains a considerable quantity of acetate of copper, and it is to this circumstance that it owes its change of color.

Curious Presentiment.

It is said that a daughter of Gov. Marcy had a presentiment of his death on the day it occurred, while she was at Troy, and Mr. Marcy at Baltimore.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN TO HIS MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. S. ANDREWS.

Mother, I am dying now,
Life's tide is ebbing fast,
The death-damp gathers on my brow,
Soon, soon I shall have passed
The sea upon whose darkling wave
I dread to launch my bark;
There's something fearful in the grave,
So dreary, cold, and dark.

O, mother, it is hard to die,
Untimely, and so young;
So soon beneath the clod to lie,
Of good so little done.
But, mother, of thy counsels kind
I've not unmindful been;
I've shunned the haunts of vice and crime,
Debauchery and sin.

But I could life's dear joys resign,
Almost could welcome death,
Could I but in thy arms recline,
To yield my latest breath,
Could I but hear thy blessing now,
In life's dissolving hour,
Or feel thy soft touch on my brow,
E'en death might lose its power.

To daunt my spirit as I near
The last convulsive throe,
O, would my mother thou wert here
To soothe my hour of woe;
When this hath reached you, I shall be
Beyond the reach of pain;
O, mother, do not grieve for me,
Since we shall meet again.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MARTYRDOM OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Perhaps there are few more terrible histories than that of Louis the Eleventh, King of France. The heart sickens to recall the story of his cruelty towards the family of the Count d'Armagnac. Of a high and noble spirit, despising the acts of the tyrant king, D'Armagnac had long meditated a revolt. A conspiracy was not long in forming, which included a large number of nobles, who were ripe for any project to rid France of the tyranny and cruelty directed against her noblest sons.

The project, bred in bitterness of soul, and watered with the tears of heart broken wives and daughters, failed most signally; and the Count D'Armagnac, young, noble and heroic, met a violent and bloody death at the hands of Louis. Torn away from the bosom of his family, while the countess was lying ill of a fever, brought on by anxiety and terror, he was brutally beheaded, and his remains subjected to savage indignity. In the darkness of her sick room, attended only by her favorite servant, Louise De Morier, the countess lay in an agony of apprehension for the safety of her beloved husband. In vain Louise assured her that the count's goodness would protect him from all harm, and his intrepidity and courage would intimidate those who would seek his life. The countess ceased not, night nor day, to implore Heaven in his behalf, until, from the strange and terrified looks of the poor Louise, she divined the truth. Half frantic with the questions that came from those swollen and purple lips burning with fever, and not knowing how to meet them, Louise rushed into the anteroom, where Henri and Francois, the two little sons of the countess, were playing, unconscious of the cruel fate of their beloved father, and brought them to their mother's bedside. Henri was now ten years of age, and Francois just turned of eight; lovely and beautiful as a poet's dream of angels, and innocent as beautiful.

When Louise called the boys to their mother, it was with the glad bound of happy childhood that they obeyed her, each striving playfully to outrun the other for the first kiss. The affectionate boys were struck speechless at their mother's looks and words, and could only bury their faces in the bed clothes and weep.

The countess looked on the curly heads that lay beside her. She stretched forth her burning hands, and lifted up the little faces that were wet with the quick tears of childhood; and the sight drew forth the drops which Louise had so longed to behold from her eyes.

"Henri—Francois!" she began, in a low, tremulous tone; but ere she had time to say more, two soldiers of the king's guard entered the chamber, rudely, and without ceremony laid each a hand upon the innocent boys.

The mother fainted, a merciful unconsciousness shielding her for a time from the effects of her misery; but Louise fought with the spirit of a heroine, for the infants she had watched and tended so long; and not until the signet of the king, demanding their apprehension, and the cruel certainty of the inutility of her efforts to keep them, were shown her by the impertinent guardsman, did she cease to hold the garments of the children.

Henri, the eldest, was easily intimidated. His lip quivered, and he shrunk away in terror from the rude grasp that held him; but Francois drew himself up to his full height, and in the name of his father, dared him to touch him.

"Your father," sneered the soldier, "is where he cannot hear you. His ears are past hearing."

"What is that?" asked the boy.

"I tell you that your father's head is cut off, and we have come for you and your brother, and probably he will punish you in the same way."

Henri crept, terrified, behind Louise at these cruel words, but Francois stood up manfully.

"You are a bold, wicked man, and the king is a wicked man too; and see, you have killed my dear mother. I will not go with you, neither shall Henri—"

The soldiers stopped what the child was about to say, by catching him rudely by the collar, and then seizing Henri, they dragged them from the protecting arms of Louise, and placing them in a rough cart, with a ruffian-looking driver, took them to a dull, dreary-looking prison-house, and thrust them into a cell, which at first seemed perfectly dark. After a while, they grew more accustomed to the dim light, and discerned each other's faces, and the low pallet which was to serve them as a bed. They laid down upon it in each other's arms, and wept themselves to sleep.

The jailer, Pierre Arnaut, found them thus, when he came in the twilight, with a candle, and their meagre supper, and the sight of the two angel faces with the tears dried upon their cheeks, their arms thrown lovingly about each other, and the bright heads with their golden curls intermingling as they lay, almost unmanned him. Jailer as he was, Pierre Arnaut had a heart, and moreover he had had children of his own, who were now translated to another home, and he remembered with what happiness he used to linger over their sleeping hours, and kiss the rosy lips whence came the gentle breath which only childhood knows.

Inwardly he cursed the cruel policy of Louis who warred even upon children; and inwardly he resolved to ameliorate their condition as much as lay in his power. Calling his wife to look at the children, he gazed at them, with her by his side, until the tears of both flowed fast and long.

"O, Pierre! what if this was our little Louis! O that I had never named that dear child for this cruel king!"

"Hush, dear Marie! even these walls have ears! Let us be careful, lest our power to help these poor innocents be taken away from us altogether. We must appear as if we were carrying out the murderous designs of the tyrant, in order to make them more comfortable than we could otherwise do."

"O, Pierre, Pierre, how I do hate this life! Would that we could go back to our own little vineyard, and live where we could practise none of this terrible deceit, and these deeds of blackness and cruelty."

"And so do I, Marie! But now that these angels have come, let us be willing to stay, that we may smooth the way for these innocents!"

"Yes, that is now our work, and I suppose that you are right in saying that we must be wary."

From that time, Pierre and Marie did everything which they dared for the little ones; and well did they repay their care. It was Marie's delight to supply them with fresh changes of clothing, to smooth their beautiful golden curls, and if possible, once a day at least, to see that they should have fresh air. But this she was obliged to do stealthily; for close confinement was in the order to Pierre, and Marie dreaded lest spies should be about, and report it to the myrmidons of the court.

Meantime, where was the poor mother? Half distracted by the death of her husband, she had gone from one fainting fit to another, until Louise feared she would never be able to restore her to life. When, at length, she awoke to life and reason, she eagerly asked for her boys, Louise knew not how to answer her; but she divined a part of the truth, and it was soon confirmed.

Her first act was to humiliate herself to the king, and beg an interview with her children. More than this she did not dare to ask, at this stage of their confinement. Clad in the deepest mourning, and attended only by the faithful Louise, the Countess d'Armagnac was a petitioner in the ante-room of the audience chamber for many days, without success. Nor did the friends of her deceased husband dare to attempt any intercession in her behalf, lest it might increase instead of alleviating her distress.

Once she staid until the audience chamber was empty. Supplicant after supplicant had departed, not with the bright and hopeful faces of subjects who have looked upon the face of a good and just king, but with the disheartened air of those who have sued in vain at the feet of a relentless monarch.

The countess kept her seat in the ante-room until the last lingerer had disappeared, and Louis came forth with the soldiers of his body-guard encircling his sacred person. Watching her opportunity, the countess sank upon her knees before Louis, and implored him to hear her.

"Who is this woman, Frontignac?" asked the king, in something less than his usual savage tone.

"A mother, pleading for her fatherless children," said the countess.

Frontignac whispered to him that it was Count d'Armagnac's wife; he did not dare to say his *widow*, for even the rough courtier pitied her distress, and he feared it would do her cause no good if he recalled the remembrance of her husband's death.

"Take her away," said Louis, "I will not grant her request. D'Armagnac's sons shall suffer for their father's treachery to his king."

Frontignac stooped to raise the form which had fallen to the floor in weakness. The compassionate courtier, as he did so, exchanged a few words with the countess.

"She does not ask their release, sire," said Frontignac, "she only prays to be permitted to see them."

A frown darkened Louis's face. He did not reply. Frontignac ventured to say a word more in her behalf; and at length he ungraciously consented to allow a single interview, in presence of Frontignac. He then passed on.

Louise came from the darkened corner where she had been waiting, and raised the weeping woman in her arms. Slowly she bore her to the carriage, and entering it, she laid her head upon her shoulder. The countess wept and laughed alternately, at the thought of seeing her children once more; although she knew not when.

"Probably Frontignac would bring the order," Louise said. Louise, in her corner, had heard and understood more than the weeping mother.

The next day Frontignac brought the order. He had been indefatigable in his efforts to obtain it, and it was with real interest that he now gave it to the countess.

That morning, Marie had been more than usually attentive to the children's personal appearance. She had combed their light curls, and wound them around her finger; and putting on a new suit of summer clothes to each, the little creatures bounded out for a moment into the bright sunshine, filling their hands with flowers from Marie's little garden, and had gone back again to weave their wreaths in the dark cell. They had just completed them, and Marie had placed them upon their heads, when Pierre opened the door, and brought in the countess and Frontignac.

The long black veil and close, heavy dress disguised the countess entirely, and not until she threw back the veil and clasped them in her arms, did they recognize their mother. Then the long pent up tenderness broke forth, and heedless of spectators, they gave themselves up to the rapture of that meeting.

"Mama, dear mama," said Henri, "you have come to take us away at last, have you not?"

"I shall protect you, my mother;" said Francois, "you *need* me, do you not, dear?"

Alas! what could the mother say? She could only weep, and hold them still tighter to her heart.

Marie, struck with her maternal sorrow, respectfully retired to the other side of the cell; while Frontignac himself wept at the sight.

The order was, however, imperative to shorten the interview—half an hour being allowed. The mother knelt down, and gathering both her children to her arms, she prayed most fervently. The children clasped their hands, and repeated the words after her; and then the parting moment came.

It was their last. Within three weeks, the Countess d'Armagnac sank beneath her sorrows; and then Louise went and offered herself as a servant to Marie Arnaut, threw herself upon her mercy, and told her in confidence, the reason why she wished it. Delighted to have some one who would take an interest in the little prisoners, Marie engaged her at once, taking care that she should perform no menial labor.

To Louise fell the sad task of communicating to Henri and Francois the fact of their mother's death. It weighed them down for a time; but childhood soon forgets its woes, and the delight of seeing Louise every day compensated in some measure for their loss.

She now continued the lessons their mother had begun, and it was her care that they should be supplied secretly with books. They now read quite fluently, and enjoyed reading to each other. Their toys and playthings were concealed beneath the bed. It was true that there was no positive order that they should not be allowed to learn or to play; but Pierre thought proper to guard against the possibility of such an one being given, as might be the case should the king hear of it. His caution was not without reason; for an order actually came for greater strictness, and closer confinement for the prisoners.

The constitution of Francois bore up against it; but Henri drooped and failed. In vain did Frontignac, to whom Louise distractedly applied, petition the king for greater clemency. He took no notice of it whatever, and the child faded day by day under the watchful eye of Louise, who stealthily crept into the prison behind Pierre, and sometimes found a chance to secrete herself until he came again, and Pierre kindly shut his eyes that he might not see her.

Poor Henri's disease grew worse and worse. Francois said he was always calling for his mother, when Louise was not present. His delirium was of a mild and gentle character, and all his wandering thoughts were of flowers and blue streams, and angels with golden wings hovering about him, and of his mother beckoning him. They opened the prison door one morning, and the boys were lying in each other's arms. One of them had waked in heaven!

One would have thought that Francois would have mourned for Henri's death and his own loneliness; but it was not so. He seemed to exult in the thought that Henri was safe with his dear mother; and to feel that he should not long be separated from him. Indeed, he was already beginning to fail; but in his case, the jail distemper which really carried off his brother, assumed a chronic form. It bent and disturbed the small limbs, but it did not attack the vital springs of life. * * * * *

One bright, sunny morning when Spring was walking with gentle step upon the damp earth, whence pale, strange flowers sprang up about her feet, the prison door was set open, and it was announced that Louis Eleventh was dead, and that his poor, oppressed prisoners were free. As well almost might it be told to the dead, as to that feeble, pale, deformed youth, who sat there on the poor, mean pallet—his seat by day, and his bed by night.

Sorrow, desolation and confinement had done their work on Francois d'Armagnac; and liberty came all too late. The form which in childhood gave promise of a noble manhood, was shrunk and withered, never to grow again into fair proportions. The rosy face was pale and elongated, and the voice was feeble and unmusical. The sap of his life had been drained to meet a tyrant's unjust decree, and he stood outside of humanity. Pierre Arnaut was now an old man, poor and without connections; and his good wife was also getting in years.

"You will never leave me," he said to them, with the feeble voice of a child. "Do not let me be alone any more!" And when the estates of the D'Armagnac family were restored to Francois, now the Count d'Armagnac, he refused to occupy, unless Pierre and his wife and Louise inhabited the same home as himself.

Sitting on some grassy mound in the garden, or in the library, looking over some prints, perhaps, but rarely reading or talking, quiet, gentle, and ever docile and affectionate, he passed away the remainder of his days.

At last, he came to the end of the pilgrimage whence hope and happiness had been so nearly banished. Louise, faithful to the last, sat by his couch and held his passive hand.

"Turn me round to the window, dear Louise, let me look upon the sunset."

In the west, large masses of brilliant clouds, purple, crimson and orange, were piled up above the setting sun. The eyes of Francois were fixed upon the gorgeous spectacle. The sun went down amidst all this purple glory, and the soft twilight succeeded. Not a word was spoken until two stars came out, "like infant births of light;" then the silence was broken, and the words, "Mother! Henri!" came from the lips of the dying, almost like the sound of a clarion. Louise started at the clear trumpet notes, and gazed upon the face of the dead!

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the Flag of our Union, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ralph, Lockport.—We have never published any such work.

Thespis.—Smoking immoderately is most injurious. Two or three pipes, or a couple of cigars, are an ample daily allowance for even a person of very strong constitution.

Quadrant.—Mr Isambard Brunel, the celebrated engineer, son of the more celebrated engineer, Mr. Mark Brunel, is an Englishman, though of French extraction.

B. C.—The spinning-wheel was invented by a man named Jurgen, in 1539.

G. B.—You are right and your friend J. wrong. A weight dropped from the mast-head of a ship sailing at the rate of ten miles an hour, or at any other rate, will strike the same place on the deck as it would were the vessel motionless.

Invalid.—As soon as you feel exercise fatigues you, discontinue it.

Cedar Grove.—Before 1510 both men and women in England wore knitted woolen caps.

Mrs. R. G., Newtonville.—The cinnamon tree is a species of laurel and a native of Ceylon.

C. C.—There are societies in London for the express purpose of rearing the canary bird.

Amateur.—Sir Robert Walpole declared that Shakspeare was "the finest genius nature ever produced."

Subscriber.—The word *porcelain* is said to be derived from *pour cent annees* (for a hundred years), it being formerly matter of belief that its material must have been maturing underground for a hundred years.

Emina.—The word is spelled either *vial* or *phial*, but the latter is the usual style.

Beta.—Monte Nuovo rose four hundred and forty feet in height and eight hundred feet in circumference in forty-eight hours.

Mother.—It is common in France for girls to learn to swim.

L. G.—The phrase of "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is not Biblical, but occurs in Sterne, who borrowed it from a French proverbial expression.

Middlesex.—The word *farm*, according to Spelman, is derived from the Saxon *fearme* or *feorme*, which signifies *victus*, food or provision.

T. T.—The well-known phrase, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—a cobbler should not go beyond his last—originated with Apelles, who was vexed with the criticism of a cordwainer on one of his paintings.

Sketcher.—The style of portrait known as the Kit-Kat, takes its name from that of Christopher Katt, the celebrated mutton-pie-man, of Shire-lane, London, who kept house about the year 1710. The Whig Club, who held their meetings there, used to have these pies as a standing dish, at all their suppers. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the portrait of every member of one exact size, namely, 36 inches by 28, for Tonson, the well-known bookseller, who was secretary to the club. Thus, both the portraits and the pies were known as Kit-Kats

Miss J. D.—A score in music signifies the original and entire draught of any composition, or its transcript.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

The prodigious development of steam navigation, which has marked the past few years, is one of the most important features of the age we live in, and the improvements constantly taking place in the construction of steam vessels exhibit in a wonderful light the practical and inventive genius of the nineteenth century. The application of steam to navigation dates back but fifty years, and in this brief space of time steam navigation has swelled to gigantic proportions. From Fulton's little boat of 1807 to the ocean steamer of 1857 what a prodigious stride! "In good old colony times" a vessel was sometimes six months in her voyage from Europe to America; now the passage is performed in eleven days. In 1813, there were only six steamers on the Hudson; twenty years afterwards, steamers plied on nearly every river of the United States. In 1819, the daring experiment of crossing the Atlantic was successfully performed by the American steamer Savannah, though a portion of the voyage was made under canvass, as she had but limited accommodations for the storage of fuel, and the paddles were made to unship at pleasure. Still it was a great achievement, and created an extraordinary sensation in Europe. In 1833, the British steamer Royal William, of 180 horse power and 1000 tons burthen, sailed from Pictou in Nova Scotia to Cowes in the Isle of Wight. She was a thorough ocean steamer, and was built at Three Rivers in Canada by Canadian merchants, fitted with Canadian engines, commanded by a Canadian captain, and propelled by Nova Scotia coals. She was employed four years between England and Ireland, when she was again put upon the Atlantic station, and crossed and recrossed repeatedly.

In 1837, four steamships were built in England by different companies, for the American trade—the Great Western, the Victoria (afterwards the British Queen), the Liverpool and the Columbus. There was great rivalry for the honor of making the first trip across the Atlantic. The Great Western was the first ready. On the 7th of April, she sailed for the United States. The British and American Steam Navigation Company, owners of the British Queen, not being able to get their own vessel ready in time, chartered the Sirius, a fine new boat, to run against the Great Western, and she was despatched from Cork on the 4th of April, three days before the Great Western. Exactly twenty years after the first deep sea steamer, the James Watt, had started from Greenock, the first pair of Atlantic steamers had left Great Britain for America, the first Atlantic race was being run, and the era of ocean steaming had commenced. The deepest interest was felt in the result. Both vessels performed well, the Sirius arriving only twelve hours before the Great Western, which made the passage in fifteen days. A great impetus was given to ocean steam navigation by the successful result of the voyages of these two vessels, and in less than six months four independent companies had commenced operations in steam navigation between ports in England and New York.

Mr. T. T. Vernon Smith, civil engineer, in a valuable paper on the "Past, Present and Future of Atlantic Ocean Steam Navigation," read before the Frederickton (N. B.) Athenæum, strongly advocates the building of screw steamers, and illustrates his argument from facts. He says:

"It is no doubt principally from the assistance derived from their sails that the ocean screw steamers are enabled so successfully to compete with the paddle boats. In heavy weather, the latter have no alternative but their engines, the least sail so materially interfering with the working of their paddles, probably throwing one wheel far under water, whilst the other is out, as to risk breaking the shafts. When they dare not use their sails, the screw boats take advantage of every wind, as if they depended alone upon that, whilst their propeller is always at work, through calm or rough weather, equally efficient, quietly and noiselessly forcing them on their way. For this reason, their average passages are not only performed with greater regularity than the paddle boats, but their absolute speed, with less than half the power to their tonnage, is about the same. In confirmation of this, the experience of the Collins, Cunard and Canadian lines for last year is remarkable; the average western passage of the Cunard boats to Boston and New York being twelve days fourteen and a half hours, the Collins line twelve days sixteen and a half hours, and the small-powered screw steamers to Quebec being twelve days twenty and a half hours. The Canadian line has been surpassed only by the Cunard line to New York, taking both voyages out and home; has kept pace with the Collins line within three and a half hours on the western trip, and beaten them more than a day on the eastern run, whilst the Cunard line to Boston has been handsomely distanced both out and home. Deducting the time occupied in five detentions at the Straits of Belleisle, which the paddle-wheel boats had not to contend with, and which, amounting to seventy-nine hours, are included in the above average, reduces the average passage to less than the Collins line, and equal to the Cunard; whilst the longest passage, late in November, was only thirty-eight hours over this average, and the shortest, in August, thirty-eight hours under it.

"Not only is the greater regularity in favor of the screw system of propulsion—not only is an equal speed maintained with less danger from ice and other floating bodies, but the whole of this is obtained with an economy of at least one-half in the working expenses. This fact has been demonstrated by the Oriental Company in a very unmistakable manner. The Sultan, an iron vessel of 1200 tons burthen, was launched in 1851, with engines of 420 horse power, and paddle-wheels. Her average speed was 10.7 knots per hour. After running some time to thoroughly test her capabilities, she was in 1855 refitted with a screw propeller, and engines of 210 horse power, or half the former size. With the new engines, her speed under steam alone was 10.47 miles per hour, and with a slight breeze, and fore and aft canvass, eleven knots. This change in her power, accompanied by a very trifling loss of speed under steam alone, and a positive gain under canvass, enables the steamer to carry with the same cargo sixteen days' fuel instead of eight, or two hundred tons more profitable load with the same fuel. Her daily consumption is of course only half, and the number of men required to be in attendance is of course proportionally reduced. Under these circumstances, it is evident that the contest between the two systems of propulsion is even now unequal, and unless sustained by Government bounties, but few paddle-wheel steamers will henceforth take their place upon the Atlantic station."

He is equally an advocate of iron as the material of construction, chiefly on account of the superior safety of iron vessels. He illustrates this by referring to the American steamship Pacific and the British steamship Persia—the former a wooden, the latter an iron vessel—both of which sailed from Liverpool in January, 1856, within three days of each other, and at a time when a vast portion of the Atlantic Ocean was taken possession of by an icy continent. The two boats were on a race. The Pacific was never heard of after. She in all probability struck on this field of ice, was stove, and went down. The Persia, when five days out, struck also. The collision broke a large hole through the plates of her iron bow, tore the rivets asunder for sixteen feet on her starboard side, and bent and twisted the rims of her paddle-wheels as if they had been made of lead. No wooden vessel could have lived an hour after having received that terrible blow. The first compartment instantly filled, but the water-tight bulkhead saved her, and she was enabled to reach New York in safety.

In England, they are now going largely into the building of iron screw-steamers, and unless we would yield the commercial supremacy of the seas to Great Britain, we must follow her example. Our mechanics have shown that they can build splendid iron ships, have the materials and skill, and it must not be said that we are lacking in the enterprise.

"The King's Talisman: or, *The Young Lion of Mount Hor*."—We have just issued this far famed Eastern romance, from the pen of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in bound form, splendidly illustrated with large *original drawings*. It is generally conceded to be the best novelette ever produced by the author. We will send it, *post paid*, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty cents. Enclose the money, and receive it by return of mail.

A Misunderstanding.—When the old gentleman told his son who was annoyed at the set of his scythe-blade that he might hang it to suit him, he did not intend that the young gentleman should hang it on the limb of an apple-tree and evacuate the mowing-field—but boys will be boys.

Major J. H. Berret.—This gentleman has been appointed weigher and ganger in our custom-house. He is perfectly familiar with its duties, having formerly occupied the same post to the acceptance of the merchants and the government.

Hard Fellows.—Heber C. Kimball said lately that he and Brigham Young were "two hard fellows to deal with." No doubt of it. We consider them two of the hardest cases between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Strange Death.—A boy lately fell into a pond near Paris, France, used for raising leeches for druggists, and died in consequence of loss of blood from their bites.

BILLS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising bills (posters) are as old as street themselves. At Athens, they served speciall for the publication of the laws, and were writt on rollers of wood which turned on a pivot; a Rome, they served more various purposes, an besides conveying a knowledge of the laws a decrees to the citizens, they announced books o sale, auctions, etc. Booksellers were the fi who made use of publicity, and when they g out a new book, they caused its title to be writte in huge letters on their shop-fronts or on th columns appropriated to notices. These wer the *advertising columns* of those days. In th middle ages, when very few knew how to rea the public crier was substituted, and went fro place to place, proclaiming information, acco panied by a sounding of trumpet. Francis I was the first who decreed that his ordinanc should be written on parchment in large chara ters, which parchment should be attached to board.

In the seventeenth century, bills came to be wh they are now; commercial and judicial notic were posted up, and booksellers employed th means of making their wares known. In 172 a decree decided that there should be forty bi stickers for the city of Paris. Since this perio the number has been constantly increasing, an traders, not content with paper and printing, have taken to painting, and engross entire walls. In Paris there are some advertisements which cover a house five stories high.

Theatre-bills also have a very ancient origi for though the Greeks did not use them, the were employed among the Romans. At first, crier summoned the citizens to repair to th games; but bills soon after made their appea ance, and Plautus speaks of some with chara ters more than a cubit long, like the giant circu posters of our own time and country. In th middle ages, on the cessation of plays, play-bil of course there were not; and when the "My teries," or sacred dramas, made their appea ance, they were on stated celebrations and fe tivals, and required no announcement, as ever one knew beforehand the place, time and cha acter of the entertainment. Afterwards, wh the extent and population of cities increase criers made their appearance, and addressed t public very much after the style of our travelli pedlers at a country muster or cattle show. I the seventeenth century, when theatres becar permanent, play-bills appeared and covered th walls; and as early as 1667, Boileau complai of their inordinate size and quantity.

Advertisements have not the same antiqui as newspapers are comparatively a modern ins tution. The greatest and most extensive adve tising medium in Europe is the London Time with forty-eight columns of text, sometim seventy-two, and even ninety-six when a supple ment is issued. Four-fifths of its columns a devoted to advertisements, so that each numb contains from a thousand to fifteen hundre In this country, newspaper advertising is carri on upon a gigantic scale, and we have al adopted the English show-bill system, which carried to a high degree of perfection. Some the enormous colored posters of the circus co panies are truly wonders of typography and artistic illustration on an immense scale.

THE PRINCE OF CHARLATANS.

The most celebrated and successful charla of Paris—Mengin, the itinerant pencil seller— just dead, and has left behind him a fortune 400,000 francs. No one can have passed m days in Paris within the last ten years, with having observed on the Place de la Bourse, Place du Chatelet, the Place de la Madeline, some other open space, the conspicuous figure a tall, handsome man, with a brass helmet a plumes, and a beard—the very model of th Hudibras, "in shape and hue most like a tile" standing on the box of a light cart, and hara uing a crowd. He wore a costly mantle of gr velvet embroidered with gold, and on the fing of his white hands were many rings of g price. Behind him was a squire, who fr time to time blew a trumpet to attract public tention, and whose garments were only splendid than those of his master. The end and aim of all this pomp and circumsta was the sale of lead pencils at two sous apiec

He got his Watch.—A merchant at N Orleans, while landing from a steamer, accide ally dropped his watch, valued at $225, in th two feet deep water. Borrowing a pig of and line from the mate, he tied the pig to line and sunk it beneath the wheel-house nearly as possible where the watch was su and tying the upper end of the line to a stic wood, dropped the stick in the water and le to float. Early the next morning, he came board, and diving, brought the watch up, " first thing."

Benjamin Franklin.—The erection o bronze statue of Franklin at Washington been suggested. What an idea it would b adorn the Capitol grounds with statues of all leading men of the Revolution!

Mortality.—The ratio of deaths to population of several great cities is as follo In London, 1 in 41; in Liverpool, 1 in 29 Paris, 1 in 33; in New York, 1 in 34; an Boston, 1 in 32.

Hoarding Money.—About one hundred twenty-five millions of dollars in gold hoarded by people in the United States, idle useless, and drawing no interest.

Our City.—The Bee speaks of Boston a "watering place." We presume it had th huge carts that sprinkle the streets in its eye.

Satisfactory.—"I'm living on hopes," a young clerk. "Capital idea, while provisi are so high," replied a young lady.

Atrocious.—The Post tells us of a M Brown who is going to Paris without his w "because it's a voyage of pleasure."

breaking the shafts. When they dare ... their sails, the screw boats take advan... of every wind, as if they depended alone ... that, whilst their propeller is always at ... through calm or rough weather, equally ...nt, quietly and noiselessly forcing them on ... way. For this reason, their average pas... are not only performed with greater regu... than the paddle boats, but their absolute ... with less than half the power to their ton... is about the same. In confirmation of ...he experience of the Collins, Cunard and ...dian lines for last year is remarkable; the ...ge western passage of the Cunard boats to ...n and New York being twelve days four... and a half hours, the Collins line twelve ... sixteen and a half hours, and the small... ...red screw steamers to Quebec being twelve ... twenty and a half hours. The Canadian ...has been surpassed only by the Cunard line ...ew York, taking both voyages out and ...; has kept pace with the Collins line with... ...ee and a half hours on the western trip, and ... them more than a day on the eastern run, ...t the Cunard line to Boston has been hand...y distanced both out and home. Deduct... ...e time occupied in five detentions at the ...s of Belleisle, which the paddle-wheel boats ...ot to contend with, and which, amounting ...venty-nine hours, are included in the above ...ge, reduces the average passage to less ...he Collins line, and equal to the Cunard; ...t the longest passage, late in November, was ...hirty-eight hours over this average, and the ...test, in August, thirty-eight hours under it.

...Not only is the greater regularity in favor of ...rew system of propulsion—not only is an ... speed maintained with less danger from ice ...other floating bodies, but the whole of this ...ained with an economy of at least one-half ...e working expenses. This fact has been ...nstrated by the Oriental Company in a ... unmistakable manner. The Sultan, an ... vessel of 1200 tons burthen, was launched ...851, with engines of 420 horse power, and ...lle-wheels. Her average speed was 10.7 ... per hour. After running some time to ...oughly test her capabilities, she was in 1855 ...ted with a screw propeller, and engines of ...orse power, or half the former size. With ...ew engines, her speed under steam alone ... 10.47 miles per hour, and with a slight ...e, and fore and aft canvass, eleven knots. ... change in her power, accompanied by a ... trifling loss of speed under steam alone, ... a positive gain under canvass, enables the ...ner to carry with the same cargo sixteen ... fuel instead of eight, or two hundred tons ... profitable load with the same fuel. Her ... consumption is of course only half, and the ...er of men required to be in attendance is of ...e proportionally reduced. Under these cir...stances, it is evident that the contest between ...two systems of propulsion is even now un...d, and unless sustained by Government ...ties, but few paddle-wheel steamers will ...forth take their place upon the Atlantic ...on."

...e is equally an advocate of iron as the ma...l of construction, chiefly on account of the ...rior safety of iron vessels. He illustrates ... by referring to the American steamship ...ific and the British steamship Persia—the ...er a wooden, the latter an iron vessel—both ...hich sailed from Liverpool in January, 1856, ...n three days of each other, and at a time ... a vast portion of the Atlantic Ocean was ... possession of by an icy continent. The ... boats were on a race. The Pacific was ... heard of after. She in all probability ...k on this field of ice, was stove, and went ... The Persia, when five days out, struck ... The collision broke a large hole through ...lates of her iron bow, tore the rivets asun...or sixteen feet on her starboard side, and ... and twisted the rims of her paddle-wheels ... they had been made of lead. No wooden ...el could have lived an hour after having re...d that terrible blow. The first compartment ...ntly filled, but the water-tight bulkhead ...d her, and she was enabled to reach New ...k in safety.

... England, they are now going largely into ...uilding of iron screw-steamers, and unless ...ould yield the commercial supremacy of the ...to Great Britain, we must follow her exam... Our mechanics have shown that they can ... splendid iron ships, have the materials and ..., and it must not be said that we are lacking ...e enterprise.

...The King's Talisman: or, *The Young ... of Mount Hor*."—We have just issued this ...med Eastern romance, from the pen of ...anus Cobb, Jr., in bound form, splen... illustrated with large *original drawings*. It ...nerally conceded to be the best novelette ... produced by the author. We will send it, ...*paid*, to any part of the country, on the re... of twenty cents. Enclose the money, and ...e it by return of mail.

Misunderstanding.—When the old gen...n told his son who was annoyed at the set ... scythe-blade that he might hang it to suit ... he did not intend that the young gentleman ...d hang it on the limb of an apple-tree and ...ate the mowing-field—but boys will be ...

...jor J. H. Berret.—This gentleman has ... appointed weigher and gauger in our ...m-house. He is perfectly familiar with its ..., having formerly occupied the same post ...e acceptance of the merchants and the ...nment.

...rd Fellows.—Heber C. Kimball said ... that he and Brigham Young were "two ...fellows to deal with." No doubt of it. We ...er them two of the hardest cases between ...tlantic and Pacific.

...range Death.—A boy lately fell into a ... near Paris, France, used for raising leeches ...uggists, and died in consequence of loss of ... from their bites.

BILLS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising bills (posters) are as old as streets themselves. At Athens, they served specially for the publication of the laws, and were written on rollers of wood which turned on a pivot; at Rome, they served more various purposes, and besides conveying a knowledge of the laws and decrees to the citizens, they announced books on sale, auctions, etc. Booksellers were the first who made use of publicity, and when they got out a new book, they caused its title to be written in huge letters on their shop-fronts or on the columns appropriated to notices. These were the *advertising columns* of those days. In the middle ages, when very few knew how to read, the public crier was substituted, and went from place to place, proclaiming information, accompanied by a sounding of trumpet. Francis I. was the first who decreed that his ordinances should be written on parchment in large characters, which parchment should be attached to a board.

In the seventeenth century, bills came to be what they are now; commercial and judicial notices were posted up, and booksellers employed this means of making their wares known. In 1722, a decree decided that there should be forty bill-stickers for the city of Paris. Since this period, the number has been constantly increasing, and traders, not content with paper and printing, have taken to painting, and engross entire walls. In Paris there are some advertisements which cover a house five stories high.

Theatre-bills also have a very ancient origin, for though the Greeks did not use them, they were employed among the Romans. At first, a crier summoned the citizens to repair to the games; but bills soon after made their appearance, and Plautus speaks of some with characters more than a cubit long, like the giant circus-posters of our own time and country. In the middle ages, on the cessation of plays, play-bills of course there were not; and when the "Mysteries," or sacred dramas, made their appearance, they were on stated celebrations and festivals, and required no announcement, as every one knew beforehand the place, time and character of the entertainment. Afterwards, when the extent and population of cities increased, criers made their appearance, and addressed the public very much after the style of our travelling pedlers at a country muster or cattle show. In the seventeenth century, when theatres became permanent, play-bills appeared and covered the walls; and as early as 1667, Boileau complains of their inordinate size and quantity.

Advertisements have not the same antiquity, as newspapers are comparatively a modern institution. The greatest and most extensive advertising medium in Europe is the London Times, with forty-eight columns of text, sometimes seventy-two, and even ninety-six when a supplement is issued. Four-fifths of its columns are devoted to advertisements, so that each number contains from a thousand to fifteen hundred. In this country, newspaper advertising is carried on upon a gigantic scale, and we have also adopted the English show-bill system, which is carried to a high degree of perfection. Some of the enormous colored posters of the circus companies are truly wonders of typography and of artistic illustration on an immense scale.

THE PRINCE OF CHARLATANS.

The most celebrated and successful charlatan of Paris—Mengin, the itinerant pencil-seller—is just dead, and has left behind him a fortune of 400,000 francs. No one can have passed many days in Paris within the last ten years, without having observed on the Place de la Bourse, the Place du Chatelet, the Place de la Madeline, or some other open space, the conspicuous figure of a tall, handsome man, with a brass helmet and plumes, and a beard—the very model of that of Hudibras, "in shape and hue most like a tile"—standing on the box of a light cart, and haranguing a crowd. He wore a costly mantle of green velvet embroidered with gold, and on the fingers of his white hands were many rings of great price. Behind him was a squire, who from time to time blew a trumpet to attract public attention, and whose garments were only less splendid than those of his master. The only end and aim of all this pomp and circumstance was the sale of lead pencils at two sous apiece.

He got his Watch.—A merchant at New Orleans, while landing from a steamer, accidentally dropped his watch, valued at $225, in thirty-two feet deep water. Borrowing a pig of iron and line from the mate, he tied the pig to the line and sunk it beneath the wheel-house, as nearly as possible where the watch was sunk; and tying the upper end of the line to a stick of wood, dropped the stick in the water and left it to float. Early the next morning, he came on board, and diving, brought the watch up, "the first thing."

Benjamin Franklin.—The erection of a bronze statue of Franklin at Washington has been suggested. What an idea it would be to adorn the Capitol grounds with statues of all the leading men of the Revolution!

Mortality.—The ratio of deaths to the population of several great cities is as follows: In London, 1 in 41; in Liverpool, 1 in 29; in Paris, 1 in 33; in New York, 1 in 34: and in Boston, 1 in 32.

Hoarding Money.—About one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars in gold are hoarded by people in the United States, idle and useless, and drawing no interest.

Our City.—The Bee speaks of Boston as a "watering place." We presume it had those huge carts that sprinkle the streets in its eye.

Satisfactory.—"I'm living on hopes," said a young clerk. "Capital idea, while provisions are so high," replied a young lady.

Atrocious.—The Post tells us of a Mr. Brown who is going to Paris without his wife, "because it's a voyage of pleasure."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

This distinguished English writer, a popular dramatist, a popular novelist and story-teller, one of the pillars of Punch, and a keen satirist, whose recent death carried mourning into the literary ranks of England, and regret to the hearts of the great mass of his readers, was one of the wittiest men of London. The sorrow for his loss was increased at first by a widely-circulated story that he had left his family in destitute circumstances; but this story, started by some officious and ill-informed busy-body, telegraphed to Liverpool, and brought hither by the steamer to be circulated all over this country, was without foundation.

Mr. Jerrold was not only a hard-working man, but a prudent one. His life was insured for two thousand five hundred pounds sterling, and his widow—instead of depending on sympathy or charity—will have an income of about six hundred pounds a year. His sons are in a position to add to, not diminish, the provision made for their admirable mother, and the daughter has been placed in affluence by the thoughtful affection of her late father-in-law.

Let us subjoin some of his witticisms, mere bubbles gathered from the sparkling ocean of his table-talk:

He had generally some "butt" in his circle of acquaintances, and Albert Smith occupied that unpleasant position for some time. One evening, at the Museum Club, upon Smith's ostentatiously saying—"Wasn't it strange we had no fish at the marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately. I cannot account for it." "Nor I," replied Jerrold, with a serious air, "*except they ate it all up stairs!*"—a cool intimation that Smith had dined with the flunkies in the kitchen.

Sometimes he forgot his manners, as when he said of a very tall, thin young lady, who bored him for an hour with an Italian *bravura*, that "she was linked sweetness *long drawn out!*"

His winding up a review of Wordsworth's poems was equally good. "He reminds me," said Jerrold, "of the Beadle of Parnassus, strutting about in a cocked hat, or, to be more poetical, of a modern Moses, who sits on Pisgah with his back obstinately turned to that promised land, the Future; he is only fit for those old maid tabbies, the Muses! His Pegasus is a broken-winded hack, with a grammatical bridle, and a monosyllable bit between his teeth!"

When introduced to a fat little fellow—Sheriff Wire—he cried: "*Wire*, did you say? Why you are more like the chunk end of a crow-bar!"

It has been mentioned that "Black Eyed Susan" was the most popular of all his plays. It had an uninterrupted run of three hundred nights. Elliston and Cooke, the actors, made their reputations and fortunes by it; and it was acted with like success all over England. Yet, while managers were making their thousands, Jerrold received in all but twenty pounds for his labor. When the drama had run three hundred nights, Elliston, who had made more by it than any other, said to Jerrold, with amusing coolness: "My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?"

A FLATTERING NOTICE.

One of the best anecdotes in the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis relates to a rather obscure French author, Mr. Ameilhon. One day this gentleman was a member of a deputation from the Institute, and waited on the emperor Napoleon with an intense desire to attract his notice, and obtain a few words from him. The emperor, seeing a face he was not very familiar with, approached him, and asked:

"Are you not Mr. Arcillon?"

"Yes, sire—Ameilhon."

"Ah, yes—librarian of St. Genevieve?"

"Yes, sire—of the Arsenal."

"Ah! I thought so. You wrote the continuation of the History of the Ottoman Empire?"

"Yes, sire—the German empire."

At these words, the emperor, annoyed at his repeated mistakes, abruptly turned his back on him, while Mr. Ameilhon, feeling only delighted at having been noticed at all, turned to his next neighbor, and said:

"The emperor is a wonderful man! He *knows everything!*"

A Child's Idea of Washington.—A short time since, a little boy of four summers was carefully examining some pictures, among which was one of the tomb of Washington. Taking the picture up, he asked his mother "who that picture was." He was told that it was a picture of Washington's tomb. The little fellow thought a moment, and looking up, said: "Mother, I don't see how they ever got so *great a man as Washington into a tomb!*"

A slight Difference.—A laborer reading a journal to his wife, instead of saying "the President was received with three huzzas," pronounced the last word "hussies." "More shame for him!" exclaimed the indignant and scandalized lady.

Vestvali.—This enterprising lady has received splendid offers from Paris and St. Petersburgh, but will not yet take her final farewell of the United States.

Mr. Marcy's Family.—Mr. Marcy leaves a widow, a daughter and two sons. One of the sons is in the Navy and the other in California.

Kossuth.—This brilliant Hungarian recently emerged from his retirement and delivered a revolutionary address on Italian affairs.

Personal.—Nathaniel Hawthorne, U. S. Consul at Liverpool, it is said, will spend the coming winter in Italy.

Liberal.—The city of Boonville has subscribed $150,000 stock to the Central Missouri Railroad.

Mademoiselle Rachel.—This great actress will never more appear upon the stage.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Horses are seriously injured by driving into cold water when their feet are heated.

An Irish gentleman lately came on deck, in a foundering vessel, "to see himself drowned."

Love is like a river—if the current be obstructed it is sure to seek another channel.

Pearls have been found in the Quinnipiac River, near Meriden, Connecticut.

The wheat crop of Texas is probably the largest ever gathered in that State.

A railroad bridge is to be built across the Rhine, near the mouth, costing $1,350,000.

At Paris a new planet has been discovered, in the constellation of the Balance.

The defence of Miss Smith, the Scotch girl, charged with murdering her lover, cost $20,000.

George Fourth's idea of female loveliness was "fair, fat and forty." Queer taste!

You can go to Europe now in the first class steamer Vanderbilt, for $100, in the first cabin.

From January first to May first, the coroner of Philadelphia held 196 inquests.

Washington Irving, though 75 years of age, is still vigorous, both in intellect and body.

Col. Wood is to exhibit the Siamese twins, their wives and children, in South America.

Col. David Fuller, who discovered the soapstone quarry in Franconia, N. H., died recently.

A strawberry measuring six inches in circumference was raised this year in California.

Grasshoppers have been troublesome in Minnesota. Each female lays 150 eggs.

A coat out at the elbow may be buttoned over a true and generous heart.

Weigh not so much what men say as what they prove. Random talk is little worth.

When a man gives you a "piece of his mind," he means that you shall have no peace of mind.

James Buchanan has sent the ladies of the Mt. Vernon Association a contribution and a letter.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. Try it, everybody.

To show how man can help man ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person.

There is a great deal of amusement on life's road, but after all, one longs for rest.

Many men write from aspersion and antagonism, as well as from experience.

Emigration reduced the population of Ireland over half a million from 1851 to 1857.

During a late performance of Hamlet in Paris the soliloquy was encored. What absurdity.

THE GREAT LONDON PREACHER.

No preacher since the days of Whitefield and Wesley has obtained so wide and rapid fame as Mr. Spurgeon, of London. He is now twenty-three years of age, and is the pastor of a church of over one thousand communicants. He was educated, as he tells us, "nominally at divers schools, really by summer rambles, hard private studies and close observation." While usher of a school in Newmarket, and afterwards at Cambridge, he began to speak in Sabbath schools; and in 1851, at the age of seventeen, he was invited to the pastorate of a small church in the vicinity of Cambridge. His extreme youth, energy and enthusiasm attracted public notice, and in 1854 he was called to the position he at present occupies. He preaches ten times a week, often travelling miles to accomplish it. One who has often heard him discourse, gives the following description: "When he is fairly engaged with his subject, his countenance is full of earnestness, and he speaks with a force and impetuosity, an intensity and a nimbleness which at once engages and rivets the attention of his audience. The force of his diction is absolutely overwhelming. He plunges at once into his subject, illustrates it with the noblest and grandest images which the imagination is capable of conceiving, until he conducts the listener to a climax at once startling from its novelty and striking from its appositeness." Mr. Spurgeon's method of sermonizing is simple, lucid and picturesque in style, original in conception, and full of apt quotations. The illustrations are sometimes homely, but always telling. His discourses are not written, but taken down by short-hand reporters.

Royal Fun.—In Sweden, politeness requires that on meeting an acquaintance, the hat should not be merely lifted from the head, but removed for some time. Bayard Taylor writes that King Oscar once said to an acquaintance of his, who was commiserating him for being obliged to keep his hat off the whole length of the Drottning-gatan, in a violent snow-storm: "You are quite right; it was exceedingly disagreeable, and I could not help wishing that, instead of being king of Sweden I were king of Thibet, where the polite salutation is simply to stick out your tongue."

A savage Notion.—The aborigines of Australia have a notion that after death they rise again in the natural world, and become white people. They are now very fond of intoxicating liquors—so fond, that if told they will soon die, they reply, "Me don't care; me jump up again white man, with plenty of sixpence for drink."

Sharp Hit.—Somebody saying that Albert Smith, as a writer, reminded him of Goldsmith, Douglas Jerrold answered: "Pooh, pooh, plenty of *Smith*, but no *Gold!*" Smith was one of Jerrold's standing butts.

Mazzini.—The British government has notified Mazzini that though England will still afford shelter to political refugees, they will not be allowed to fit out revolutionary expeditions against other states.

A young Ladyism.—A young lady, intercepted in her road by a bull, requested a passing rustic to "drive away that gentleman cow with powder-horns on his head."

Expensive.—The "Great Eastern" steamship will cost, when completed, three millions of dollars.

Temperance.—There is to be a national temperance convention at Chicago, November 10th.

Kiss-ology.—Bus, to kiss; re-bus, to kiss again; omni-bus, to kiss all the girls in the room.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Brothers of the Coast: or, the Buccaneers of the Antilles," a wild story of the Tropics, by John B. Williams, M. D., of Baltimore.

"The Old Home Farm," verses by Amanda P. Walker.

"Sent to the Tower," an amusing sketch founded on a popular farce, thus entitled, by Aristides Jinx.

"Del-mar-kee," an Indian legend in verse, by Orville Pearsse.

"The Patient Soul," stanzas by Sarah A. Nowell.

"Phineas Foster," showing his narrow escape from being an old bachelor, by Ethan Carleton.

"The Philosophy of Blushes," a poem by W. W.

"The Owl's Tower," an illustrated story by Harriet A. Davison.

"Wind of the Western Wave," verses by James Franklin Fitts.

"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A picturesque view of Brighton, on Staten Island, New York.

Portrait of the Russian Count Alexis Orloff.

"The Owl's Tower," an illustration delineated by a descriptive story.

Views and Scenes in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; giving, first, College Hill; second, the House of the Friendless; third, a view in Main Street; fourth, the town itself from a view taken from College Hill; fifth, the Iron Works; and, sixth, the Residence of Prof. Morse. The whole accompanied by ample letter press description by our artist, "Neutral Tint."

Portrait of John Homans, M. D., one of the most popular and successful of the physicians of Boston

A characteristic scene at a Ghaut on the banks of the river Ganges, in India.

A large picture representing Gold-Washing in Brazil.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

☞ One copy of the Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

According to accounts received from Persia the export of silver had been forbidden in that kingdom.

The empress of the French has bought M. Gerome's picture of the "Duel after the Ball," lately on view at the French Exhibition at Pall-mall, for 15,000f.

The Chateau de la Source du Loiret, where Bolingbroke resided during his disgrace, and where Voltaire read to the great statesman the manuscript of his "Henriade," is now for sale.

Advices from Naples state that there has just been discovered in the island of Ischia a large mine of rock salt, which may be worked at a very slight cost and be made a considerable article of exportation.

The Moniteur Viticole reports that from 1000 to 1200 casks of drugged wine have been seized in the warehouses of one of the leading firms of Bordeaux. The affair has produced a great sensation in the town.

A new tariff has just been published at St. Petersburgh, reducing considerably the duty on a great number of articles, and admitting others (among them iron, in bars, rails, or cases) which had been previously prohibited.

The Turkish officers who have been in Liege for some time past studying the manufacture of arms, have, it is said, received orders to quit Belgium, in consequence of the diplomatic difficulty that has taken place between that country and the Sublime Porte.

The Paris Observatory, which for a considerable time has been receiving daily telegraphic communication of the state of the weather, the temperature, etc., from different parts of France, has just made an arrangement by which it will hereafter receive similar communications from Rome, Vienna and Madrid. Those from the last named city have already commenced.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.

The rose has its thorn, the diamond its specks, and the best man his failing.

A man without desire and without want, is without invention and without reason.

It is a noble sight to see an honest man "cleave his own heart in twain, and fling away the baser part."

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories to be false which ought not to be true.

Every period of life has its prejudice; who ever saw old age, that did not applaud the past and condemn the present?

Justness of thought and style, refinement in manners, good breeding, and politeness of every kind, can come only from the trial and experience of what is best.

Take away the feeling that each man must depend upon himself, and he relaxes his diligence. Every man comes into the world to do something.

If we examine the subject, it is not pride that makes us angry, but the want of foundation for pride, and for this reason humility often displeases us as much.

The man who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.

We will give to intellect, to immortality, to religion, and to all virtues, the honor that belongs to them. Still it may be affirmed that economy, taste, skill and neatness in a kitchen have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous.

Joker's Budget.

Why are good husbands like dough? Women need (knead) them.

Why are bees like a commercial people? Because they sell (cell) their honey.

Why are the sheaves of grain like rude boys? Because they must be thrashed before they are fit for use.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the *sleepers* are very *sound*."

The man who attempted to catch the speaker's eye with a steel-trap, was ordered to take the floor by the Sergeant-at-arms.

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

It is said that the kind mothers at the East are growing so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

"Didn't you guaranty, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he wont. Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

"Gaze not upon a maiden, lest her beauty be a stumbling block to thee," is a text worthy of consideration, now-a-days, when hoops so obstruct our sidewalks.

Somebody truly says that one debt begets another. If a man owes you a sovereign he is sure to owe you a grudge too, and he is generally more ready to pay interest on the latter than on the former.

A lady talking over Mrs. Oakes Smith's lecture, and its advocacy of woman's voting, the other evening, said, "La! what's the use? Is there any woman worth trusting with a vote, who cannot make two men, at least, vote as she likes?"

Quill and Scissors.

A man named Trench, from Middletown, Conn., who was on his way to visit a son at Peoria, Ill., became suddenly insane while upon the cars, within a few miles of Chicago, and attempted to throw himself from them. Mr. Trench is a gentleman of wealth and respectability, and no cause for his insanity is known.

In a church at Plympton, which is undergoing repairs, a bottle of rum was found, which had been cased up between the panelling for twenty-seven years. One of the builders brought it there to refresh himself occasionally, and his comrades boxed it into the pulpit the next morning.

As the congregation were coming out of the Roman Catholic church at Coteau du Lac (Lower Canada), on Sunday week, a flash of lightning struck the tower, and descending, killed instantaneously a young woman, aged about twenty, seriously injured two, and stunned ten more females.

A young lady in Greenfield was bitten on the lip by a black spider, a few nights since, while asleep. The lip immediately swelled badly, and for a few days the lady was quite sick; but through the application of proper remedies she has now recovered from the effects of the bite.

In Cincinnati, recently, the daughter of a wealthy citizen first procured the appointment of a needy young man as secretary to her father, and then, when her parents went to Newport, she staying behind on some plausible excuse, went off with the young fellow and was married.

There is a peony root in the garden of Thomas Atkins, Middletown, Conn., which was brought from Birmingham, Warwick county, England, about two hundred years ago. It has always been in the possession of one family, and has been several times transplanted.

A valuable addition has been made to the Geological Cabinet of Yale College of all the geological drawings of Dr. Mantell of England, the distinguished author of the Wonders of Geology. Dr. Mantell died in 1852, bequeathing these drawings to the college.

Telegraphic wires have just been placed across Niagara River, at the suspension bridge, for the accommodation of the Great Western and New York Central Railroad Companies; but it is understood that they will shortly be allowed to go into general use.

An annual business of not far from $500,000 is carried on in the near vicinity of Winsted, Ct., in the tanning of sheepskins. In Winsted there are two tanneries, whose annual business absorbs some $250,000 to $300,000 of the amount.

The new post office law in Canada took effect on the first of August. The system of passing all newspapers without charge will be discontinued, and only those sent directly from newspaper offices are to be free.

Mr. Briggs of San Jose, California, brought with him last year from the Atlantic States a large swarm of bees, and from this swarm eighty swarms were hived the first season. This is said to be without a parallel.

The Cincinnati Gazette states that rat-killing has become a staple amusement of that city, which now contains not less than twelve public rat-pits, all liberally patronized by terriers and men.

The Collins Axe Company of Connecticut, have got judgment against two manufacturers in Birmingham, England, for counterfeiting their marks.

Herdsgrass, five feet three inches in height, is very common in Maine this season Things are changed since the time when the farmers had to lather and cut it with a razor.

A German lad named Rademacher was on the 28th ult. eaten up by a bear on the marshes near Detroit, within sight of the city.

Wheat from the foot of Mt. Carmel, in the Holy Land, has come to maturity in seven weeks in Alabama.

A man in New York is said to look like a cross between a "Plug Ugly" and a "Hydraulic Ram."

We do not believe the story that a severe fight took place in an artist's studio between two striking likenesses.

Faustin I., emperor of Hayti, has $200,000 a year; but that is only $12,000 of United States currency.

The vigilance committee of Indiana are hanging all the horse thieves they can put their hands on.

It is said there is "more pleasure in giving than receiving kicks, medicine and advice."

Alpacca sheep have been introduced into Australia.

A screw locomotive for ascending steep grades has been invented in Europe.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Robert Harrison to Miss Helen Small.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. John H. Foote to Miss Mary Ann Moffatt.

By Rev. Mr. Lacount, Mr. John T. Russell to Miss Phebe Stickman.

By Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. Leonard Choate to Miss Emma M. Cook.

By Rev. Mr. Dadmun. Mr. Thomas J. Kimball to Miss Mary J. B. Richardson.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. John Curtis, of Boston, to Miss Mary A. McCafferty

At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Newell, Mr. George W. Tyler, of Yreka, Cal., to Miss Alla J. Frazier.

At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Benjamin F. Hall to Miss Harriet V. Nichols.

At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Joseph M. Larrabee to Miss Margaret E. Gallucia.

At Ipswich, by Rev. Mr. Fitz, Mr. Joseph Channell, of Wenham, to Miss Kate S. Browne.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. William Van Amberg to Miss Emily Pearson.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Hatch, Mr. Almon Brackett to Miss Sarah E. W. Wallace.

At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. John B. Russell to Miss Sarah A. French, of Boston.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Charles F. Edwards to Miss Anna W. Russell.

At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Samuel G. Alexander to Mrs. M. E. Webster.

At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. Theodore A. Simonton to Miss Ellen S. Wadlin, both of Belfast, Me.

Deaths.

In this city, Joseph Clark, Esq., 71; Mr. Joel Mason, 75; Loring Brown, Esq., 73; Miss Sarah Wilson, of Derry, N. H., 64; Miss Henrietta I. Pollard, 20; Mr. Charles Sparks, 49; Harvey Porter, Esq., 63; Mrs. Eliza C. Heilge, 36; Mr. John Fleming, 47; Mr. William B. Colby, of Candia, N. H., 47; Mr. Almoran Holmes, 29.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Hannah S. Leach, 20.

At North Chelsea, Mr. Charles A. Vinton, of Boston.

At Roxbury, Mr. John Gray, 79.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Clarissa H. Kendrick, 29; Miss Rachel Blake, 81.

At Cambridge, Miss Sarah E. Morey, 18.

At Newton Upper Falls, Mr. Benjamin F. Randall, 48.

At Quincy, Mrs. Mary C. Farrington, 18.

At Melrose, Mr Charles Cummings, 64.

At Salem, Hon. Henry Russell, 47; Mrs. Sarah Caldwell, 95; Mr Andrew P. Wood, 27.

At Cohasset, Mr. George Lincoln, 72.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Anna Mary Parker, 40.

At Newburyport, Mr. Tristram Chase, 83.

At Taunton, Mr. James Larkin, 21; Mr. George W. Tucker, 46.

At Athol, Mr. Perley Sibley, 83.

At Sunderland, Mr. Paul Newton, 77.

At North Orange, Miss Orena L., daughter of Mr. Benjamin Mayo, 19.

At Chilmark, Mr J[illegible] Look, 94.

At Springfield, Mr. H. B. Winslow, 64.

At South Adams, Mr. Andrew Kleghorn, 62.

At North Adams, Mr. Benjamin Cook, 71.

At Huntington, Mr. Bela Searl, 79.

At Chesterfield, Widow Anna Hulbert Bryant, 88.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHY?—AN ANSWER.

BY EDGAR L. VAUGASSEN.

You ask me why my steps are slow,
 Once so quick to come and go;
But had you heavy heart like mine
 I could picture feet of thine
Wandering slowly, to and fro.

You ask me why the smile has fled,
 Once so ready to be shed;
But had you cherished hopes like mine,
 I fancy that no smile of thine
Would seem like mocking sweet hopes dead.

You ask me why my eyes are dull,
 To all things bright and beautiful;
But had you 'held a vision bright,
 And seen it lost in folds of night,
Your's too, would dim, in sorrow's school.

You ask me why these things are so;
 Why I wander to and fro,
All ghost-like on the shining sands,
 Ever wringing my pale hands,
Like some type of endless woe!

If once blest and then accursed;
 If in sorrow's pool immersed,
If your heart shall ever know
 Highest bliss, then lowest woe,
With the last forever first;

Then you will not need from me
 Answer why such things can be;
For your own grief-burdened soul
 Would the answer backward roll,
Solving the great mystery.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE RED MOROCCO SHOES.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

THE scene of my story—and it is a true one—is laid in England—*Old* England. So far as the moral that it is intended to convey is concerned, it might with equal propriety have been located in this other England, termed "New," for human nature is much the same in all places, and sin grows in every soil. What Wordsworth calls

"Familiar matters of to-day—
Some natural sorrow, grief or pain
Which hath been or may be again,"

is to be found wherever human hearts throb, and human passions bless or curse. I prefer, however, to sketch literally from nature, only altering, for obvious reasons, the names of persons and places.

A pretty village is that of Westbury—let us this bright May morning survey it as we descend the side of one of the hills which surround it. The turf beneath us is fragrant with gorse and heath blossoms. A stream goes on dancing to its own sweet music. Below are the village houses, quaintly irregular, and from among them one hoary edifice arises in sombre prominence. It is of gothic design; in the mullioned windows the diamond-shaped panes glow like gems in the early sunshine. Around the sacred edifice rise elms and yews, beneath whose broad shadows the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Passing on, we enter the village street, where everything has the stamp of age upon it, even the cottage roofs being green with the mosses of many, many years. Yonder is the old manor house, with its quaint roof and numerous gables. And near it is the parsonage, and the houses of the doctor and lawyer—great men of the parish; and the poor-house, on the very verge of the village; and that assemblage of houses, common to both rich and poor—the churchyard.

Enough, however, of general descriptions. Stand we now in front of this pretty rural cottage which is situated almost in the centre of the one street of Westbury. There are roses and honeysuckles clambering round the trellis work of the porch, and a birdcage outside the window; but you will turn from these, beautiful as they are, to a still lovelier picture—it is that of a young and pretty woman, who, with a babe in her arms, and a "wee toddlin' thing" pulling at her gown, stands at the cottage door.

Before the door is a wagon, for the inhabitant of the cottage, Harry Langley, is the village carrier from Westbury to the neighboring city of Bath. And here he comes leading his horse, which he soon harnesses up, and gets ready for starting. His wife hands him one or two small parcels, gives him his gloves and whip, holds up the baby for a "by-by" kiss, and begs him to be sure not to forget little Ellen's new shoes, for it is the eldest child's birthday to day, and a pair of red moroccos have been promised her. At last all is ready—Edith and Ellen have a by-by kiss each, crack goes the whip, and off jogs the steady old horse Cap'n.

"Harry! Harry, dear, one word, just one word!" exclaimed Edith, calling to her husband, who stepped back to her side. "Now you *will* be careful, wont you?"

"O, you needn't be afraid, Edith, not in the least. It will be all right enough; there, there, now make yourself quite easy. I shall be back by four o'clock, at the latest."

"You know you are *so* easy, and good-natured, Harry," she pleaded, looking earnestly at his face, and laying her little hand on his strong, muscular arm. "But, there, there, go Harry, and I'll have tea all ready by the time you return." With a hardly audible sigh, she went into the cottage, and the rumbling of her husband's cart-wheels was soon lost in the distance.

If you had searched Westbury through and through, you could not have found in it a handsomer, more stalwart, or a better-hearted fellow, as the phrase goes, than Harry Langley. Open, frank and cordial, he was a general favorite, and no one wondered that old Farmer Vowles cheerfully consented to allow his orphan niece (whom he had brought up ever since the death of her parents) to marry him. Harry was, in a worldly point of view, rather beneath Edith in rank, his father having been nothing but a common farm-laborer; but the old man liked Harry, and his niece was too dear to him to allow him to thwart her inclinations. Edith's uncle, on their marriage, presented the young folks with a cart and horse, and fifty pounds in money, and they rented their cottage from a neighbor at a favorable rent, so that they had a fair start in the world. So time passed on, and when three years had elapsed, two children, those we have seen, gladdened the cottage home.

But—ah! these "ifs" and "buts"—*but*, amiable and kind as Harry was, he yet possessed one failing—it seemed hard to call it a fault—which threatened to be the one drop of poison, in the otherwise pleasant cup of life's enjoyment. He lacked decision of character, and for him to say "No" at the right time, was the hardest thing in the world. His wife knew this when she married him, but she indulged in the hope that she should be enabled, by loving assiduity and example, to infuse some of the vigor and energy of her character into his own. We shall by-and-by see with what success the experiment was conducted. There was, too, a dangerous gift in the way of Harry's and his wife's happiness, which, however, the latter did not apprehend until some months after their union. Harry Langley was cursed with a fine voice. It may, therefore, be easily supposed that at the parlor of the Blue Boar he was a welcome guest on club nights. It was not until Harry began to spend several evenings in succession from home, and not return until late at night, and then slightly excited, that Edith augured danger from this source; as soon as she did, she gently cautioned her husband against forming bad habits; but "how could I refuse a bit of a song, Edith?" he would ask, and with the boisterous echo of the maudlin chorus:

"Very good song!
Very well sung!
Jolly companions every one!"

yet singing in his ears, his vanity was gratified, and he failed to listen to the voice of his home charmer, though she charmed never so wisely. "*Facilis descensus averni.*" Harry had of late, returned in an inebriated state from Bath, and with great concern his young wife received complaints from the village people that their commissions had been neglected. Her uncle had also heard of the carrier's irregularities, and talked with him on the subject only two or three days before the period at which our tale commences. The result was that Harry had faithfully promised to avoid temptation in future, a promise which would have quite set his wife's mind at rest, had she not known but too well his weak point. He promised fairly enough, and he meant to be faithful to it. Edith could not but believe him, though she believed with trembling.

A gay city is Bath—with its promenades, pump-room, gardens, terraces and the like. You can scarcely walk through any one street without some kind of temptation assailing you. Shawl-shops for the women, and taverns and gambling-houses for the men, to say nothing of a host of other pomps and vanities. Bath is the place to see gray old dowagers sitting from dusk till dawn, and from dawn till dusk again, playing at whist; to see dashing rakes squandering away fortunes at faro, roulette or hazard; to see footmen with monstrous calves, like those sketched by Thackeray in "Jeames Yellowplush's Memoirs," gentlemen's gentlemen as these worthies are called, who ape their masters' absurdities and vices; Bath is the place to see all these things, and a great many others besides, and therefore, we cannot wonder that, what with its gaiety, and its genteel dissipation, it was a place of great attraction to Harry Langley. It happened unfortunately for him, that the tavern which he made his headquarters in this gay city, was the resort of many of the upper men-servants of the first families of the place, and by degrees they patronized and flattered in their swell way, the young carrier, whom they pronounced "a doosed good fella!—rayther verdant, perhaps, and unpolished, but a dayvelish good song." And so it came to pass that before long Harry was free of the gentleman's gentlemen's parlors, in which he sang many a "dayvelish good song," and drank many more glasses of grog than his brain could stand, or his pocket could afford.

Half past three o'clock had chimed from the clocks of the Bath churches, when Harry, having completed all his business excepting purchasing the shoes for little Ellen, walked towards the stables to pack his cart and have Cap'n put in the shafts. Many invitations to drink had he that day refused, and he was priding himself on his firmness, when the window of the gentleman's gentlemen's room was thrown up, and "Hullo, Harry, my boy! come in," greeted his ears.

"Can't, I'm just going," said Harry, moving on, and he did move on to the stables, where he gave his orders.

Once more he passed the window, and again resisted temptation. He then proceeded to a shop, purchased the red morocco shoes, and returned to the cowyard with them dangling from his hand, thinking how proud little Ellen would be of them, and almost fancying he heard the patter of her tiny feet as she danced with glee on the dear cottage floor.

"Why, who are those for, Harry?" asked one of the occupants of the parlor, whose window was still raised.

"Why, for my little girl, my Nellie?" rather proudly replied Harry. "It's her birthday, to-day, and this is my present. Bless her, how her blue eyes will sparkle, to be sure, when she gets sight of them."

"Nay, then, Harry, you *must* come in and take one glass, only one—"

"Not a drop," said Harry, "thank you all the same; but I must be excused."

"What, not one to your Nellie's good health, on her birthday? A pretty sort of a father, you must be. Come, come in, let's have one song and then we'll all drink health and happiness to your daughter, wife and all the family besides."

But no, enter he would not. Seeing this, one of the company called for a glass of brandy and water, and thrusting it through the window, forced it into Harry's hand. Thus prepared, the young man sipped "many happy returns of the day" to Nellie, and presently, as a matter of courtesy, drank all the gentlemen's good healths. Before long there was little difficulty in persuading him to go inside. So tossing the shoes into the cart, which by this time was at the door, he entered the parlor.

Among the company was a very flashy looking individual, of sinister aspect and insinuating manners. He was soon on intimate terms with Langley, from whom he speedily, now that the latter was under the influence of liquor, wormed out all his secrets—such as from and to whom he carried valuable parcels, and the like. Incessantly plied with drink, Harry became thoroughly intoxicated, and it was not until nearly eight o'clock in the evening that he departed from the city. Fortunately the horse was a steady one, and knew the road, and Harry had sense enough left to allow the animal to have his own way. Left to himself it would have been almost impossible for him to have found his way to Westbury.

Poor Edith had performed all her household duties, and set the tea-things. The kettle was singing cheerily by the side of the fire; little Ellen was playing with the cat and her doll, on a little low stool, and Edith herself sat knitting by the fireside, pausing every few moments to listen for the rumbling of wheels. But four o'clock struck, then five, and then half-past. "O," she said to herself, "business has detained him unexpectedly;" but still she felt uneasy, and when six o'clock came, and no Harry, she began to grow really uneasy.

"Can it be possible that he has—" she thought, but she suppressed the very idea with an "O, no, he *never would* after what he said."

But it was of no use, and when the village clock struck seven, she hastily swallowed a cup of tea, put the baby to bed, and once more resumed her knitting, her little, hindering Ellen unconsciously lacerating her heart by her now querulous demands of when father would bring home her pretty new shoes?

Ah, child, child! better had it been for thee that thou hadst never been toasted in a tavern by an intoxicated father's drink-polluted lips! Strange infatuation, that health and happiness should be wished for one, whom the insane wisher was at that moment dragging down with himself to misery, degradation, and an early grave!

The shock came at last. Just before nine o'clock came, the long expected sounds were heard, and in another moment the wagon stopped at the open door where the anxious wife now stood looking out into the dark night. The wagon stopped, but no Harry's voice called out cheerfully as of yore, "Here I am, wife." No footstep sounded on the pathway; no husband, lantern in hand and laden with parcels, made his appearance. What *could* be the reason? Had he fallen from his seat on the road? No; by the light of a candle which she ran in for, and snatched from the table, she saw Harry—her Harry, the husband who with a fair promise on his lips, left her that morning—stretched at full length on the parcels in his cart in a drunken doze.

The sudden stoppage of the vehicle awoke him, and the sight of his wife's agonized features partially roused the miserable young man. With awkward haste he removed the packages, as well as he could, with his wife's assistance, for she would not for worlds expose him by calling in the help of a neighbor; stabled the horse; and then, gently guided by her, he staggered to the house and sank into a chair. Not a word of reproof did poor Edith utter; she hurried the poor, wondering little Ellen to bed, that, young as she was, she should not behold her father's shame; then carefully loosening Harry's neckcloth, she bathed his heated temples, forced him to take some tea, and at length had the poor satisfaction of beholding him somewhat restored to reason. As soon as possible she induced him to retire to rest, and so too did she; but not to sleep; she felt that the knell of her happiness had tolled, and with a throbbing brow and aching heart she lay on her tear-moistened pillow until the gray dawn stole into her chamber. Then she crept noiselessly down stairs, set her house in order, so that when Harry appeared he should find everything comfortable about him, and having dressed her children, arranged the parcels in due order for delivery. Then she put on as cheerful a countenance as possible, though her heart seemed half breaking, and never were Harry Langley's little wants more cheerfully anticipated and effectually ministered to than they were on that morning.

It is well that some sins bring their own immediate punishment with them. When the carrier woke from his unnatural sleep, with beating temples and a disordered stomach, shame and remorse took possession of him, for he now began fully to comprehend the disgracefulness of the situation in which he had placed himself. Tremblingly he descended the stairs, hesitatingly, as though he had forfeited all right to be there, he took his seat at the head of his table. And the measure of his mortification was complete when little Ellen, defiant of etiquette, placed her little heels on the snowy table-cloth, and joyously exclaimed:

"Look at my shoes, fadder, dear!"

The morocco itself was not redder than Harry's cheeks at that moment. For the good, loving wife, in hunting among the parcels, had found the little pair of shoes in the bottom of the cart, where the husband had carelessly tossed them when he accepted the invitation to drink Nellie's health.

"Ah!" she sighed to herself, as she took them up, "so long as he thinks of his child there is hope, and here is the proof that he has not forgot his first-born."

If there be one spectacle upon earth more lamentable than another it surely must be that of a man the morning after a debauch, when the excitement of drink having subsided, the blue devils have taken possession of the reason-abandoned fortress of the brain. Miserable is the sufferer himself, and the cause of misery in others, and the suffering is all the more acute that it was self-inflicted.

The sun was high over meadow and mountain; glad children shouted in merry play among the daises and clover blossoms; the lark sang in the air, and all nature smiled; but in a great arm-chair, with rueful face, and splitting skull, sat Harry Langley, utterly unable to pursue his usual avocations. A good-natured neighbor had gone to Bath with the cart, and so he was enabled to rest for the day. It is needless to recount here how many promises of amendment were made; how repentance was declared on one side, and forgiveness accorded on the other. Enough to say that hope once more entered the heart of poor Edith.

"Look here, Harry," said old Farmer Vowles, who looked in, in the afternoon, "this sort of going on so'll never do, I can tell ye. You'll go to rack and ruin afore you knows on't. Take your cup of home-brewed beer or cider by your own fireside and enjoy it like a man; but drat that liquor and tavern-hunting. I hope this'll be the last caper of thine. Thee can't stand it, Harry." And the substantial old farmer, having kissed Edith and her children, took his leave.

For a few months all went on smoothly again with Harry Langley; but at length Edith perceived with horror that he was by degrees relapsing into his old habits. His temper underwent a change, and even to her he was at times either sulky or severe. It was seldom even that he returned from the city until late at night, and as seldom that he returned sober. On more than one occasion too, he had brought down a companion, the flashy looking individual of the Bath Tavern, who used to take up his night's lodging at the village alehouse, returning with Harry in the morning. The sight of this person always caused Edith an uneasiness for which she could scarcely account. What was his business? Why did he pay such short visits to the village? And why should Harry be so intimate with him? These unanswerable questions caused her unceasing anxiety and an undefined terror, which poisoned every moment of her existence.

To add to the poor woman's anxieties, the carrying business, long neglected, now began to fall off, and in the course of a few months, Langley, to pay a large debt incurred for hay and other provender, was compelled to sell his horse and cart. That chance of obtaining a living was therefore gone, but soon another presented itself. Edith's uncle offered him a situation on his farm, the performance of the duties of which would, in addition to the earnings of Edith, who proposed to keep a village school, have at least kept the wolf from the door. But no. What, thought the misguided Harry, would his friend Sharkey say when he saw him laboring like a common clod-hopper on old Vowles's farm? And how would his fashionable acquaintances at the Swan in Bath sneer, should he be seen driving a load of his *master's* produce into the inn-yard, past the window of the very parlors where he had so often sang and drank with them! And so he went on, from bad to worse, until even Farmer Vowles refused to have anything more to do with him, though he yet befriended his niece and her children.

One cold and dreary November morning, in the early part of the month, Harry Langley, his wife and their three children set in an almost fireless room, around a meagrely furnished breakfast table. Wan and pale was poor Edith, and the children looked sickly and thin. As for Harry, he sat in sullen silence, his feet on the fender, a short black pipe in his mouth, and his hands thrust desperately and deeply into his empty pockets. A bloated face and bloodshot eye plainly enough told of last night's carouse; but there was no penitence, no mortification now. As if glorying in his shame, spite of the remonstrances of his wife, he only moved from his chair to reach a gin-bottle from a cupboard. And it was but a moment after he had swallowed his third dram, that the door was abruptly opened, and two men made their appearance.

There was little necessity for them to announce the object of their visit. Edith knew well enough what it was. Their rent had been long in arrears, spite of all she could do to prevent it, and the landlord had frequently threatened an ejectment. The crisis was now come, and even Harry was staggered by the rude announcement that his goods were seized, and that he and his family must leave the cottage within twenty-four hours.

Early the next morning the wretched and now homeless family quitted the cottage. With a dogged lock and sullen silence, having a bundle slung over his shoulder on a stick, strode on Harry Langley. His wife followed, with a baby in her arms (they had three children by this time), little Ellen walking beside her, and a third hanging on to her gown. As Edith passed through the garden gate, Ellen stepped back suddenly, and ran to one of the flower beds to pluck a last blossom from that still beloved spot.

"Bring me one too, Ellen," she said, and turned slowly away.

"Look here, mother," said Ellen, when she overtook her, holding up at the same time a pair of old red morocco shoes. "I found these where they must have been thrown yesterday when the officers were clearing out the things. And how curious to find them after they had been lost so long, and you know it's my birthday to day, too; but I shall have no present now."

Edith stooped and kissed her little one's cheek. At that moment the past came more vividly than ever before her, and well she remembered that night when Harry brought home those shoes, and the state in which he presented himself. An awful leap into the dark had taken place since then, and scarcely could she for a moment realize that the heavy-browed, moody, almost savage man who hoarsely called to her to "Come on!" could ever have been the gentle, generous, and frank husband of her youth. Taking the shoes from the child, she was about to thrust them, she scarcely knew why, into her pocket, when her uncle, who had just heard of their ejectment, hastily rode up and accosted her:

"And so, Edith, in spite of the offer I have made you of a home for you and your children, you still persist in following that scoundrel, who has ruined you! Once more, will you return with me?"

"*He* is my husband. I promised to take him for better or for worse, and I may reclaim him yet. It is in that hope, a forlorn one, I know, that I still cling to him. Uncle, dear uncle, I am fully sensible of your kindness, but I *cannot* leave him, even in his degradation."

"Then leave me little Nellie, you know she has always been my little favorite. Nellie, wont you come and live with uncle?"

"O, no, no! I cannot part with her, she is my only comfort now; don't rob me of the only being on earth that sympathizes with me!" And as she spoke she read in the little girl's eyes an assurance that she would not leave her side.

Farmer Vowles thrust a purse in his niece's hands.

"There, there, don't let your husband know you have that," he said, "keep it for an emergency. You'll be sure to want it—and—and give me that old pair of shoes in exchange; they'll remind me of Nellie, when she—God knows where—" And the old man, choking down a sob, slowly and sadly rode away, not once daring to look behind him, after the ruined family.

On a miserable, drizzling, foggy evening, Harry Langley, his wife, little Ellen, and the baby in its mother's arms, entered the great metropolis. Neither of them had ever before been there, and a more terrible feeling of loneliness and despair than they had ever before experienced, now came over their hearts. How they would have managed to travel so far had it not been for the timely aid afforded by Farmer Vowles, Edith could not tell. As yet, she had concealed her treasure from her husband; but she thought that he began to suspect the truth, for immediately on their reaching a London gin palace, he roughly demanded a shilling of her, and disappeared with it behind the great swinging doors of the place. Presently he re-appeared with a pot of porter and a piece of bread and cheese, which Edith partook of on a seat outside the door of the public house which she could not be persuaded to enter. A passing milkman supplied her with refreshment for her children—and thus was their first meal in London taken.

From travellers on the road, Harry had acquired information respecting cheap lodgings, and consulting a dirty card, he made out that at the east end of London they might obtain shelter on the lowest possible terms. Thither they repaired, and the next day a miserable garret in one of the worst neighborhoods of London received the wanderers.

Weeks—months passed away. Occasionally Harry procured a few days' work, but whatever he earned was invariably squandered in drink. Had it not been for the little hoard which Edith had held to with a miser's clutch, and some trifles which she obtained by making shirts for a wholesale dealer, she and her children must have starved long ago. Harry himself was seldom home by day, and how he existed she knew not. It was of no use to question him; and as to persuading him to alter his way of life, the poor broken-spirited woman had long despaired of that.

One day as Langley was lounging about the door of one of the inns at which the coaches from the west of England put up, the Highflyer Bath stage drove up, and scarcely had it stopped before to his astonishment he heard himself accosted by name. Looking up, who should he see on the box of the stage but an old acquaintance of the Bath tavern—the flashy gentleman, Mr. Sharkey?

"Hillo, Harry, my chicken!" he exclaimed, shaking Langley by the hand. "Why who the deuce could have thought to meet with you in London? But why—wh—what's the matter with you, man? Why don't you speak?"

"Why, the truth is, Master Sharkey, that things aint with me exactly as they used to be—in fact, I'm desperately hard up. You may see that plain enough."

"Well, your togs are none of the best, certainly—but I say, Harry, I'm not the man to cut an old friend because he's down in the world, and who knows but what I may put a spoke in your wheel and set you going again—eh? But come, let's go into a quiet corner of the parlor and drink to our meeting."

Nothing loth, Harry accepted the invitation, and before two glasses of punch had been consumed by him, he became, as usual, communicative.

"But wont your wife's uncle assist you—fork out? He's plenty, hasn't he?" asked Sharkey.

"Not a guinea—the old curmudgeon!" exclaimed Harry; "though, to my knowledge, he has many a score in his strong box, for ever since the Westbury Bank broke, he takes care of his own money."

"Then why the deuce don't you help yourself to some of it? Who has a greater right to it, I should like to know, than his own niece's husband?" slyly insinuated the temper.

Harry shrank back aghast. No, drunkard as he knew himself to be, he was not yet a felon; but after a few more glasses, the thought that he had a *right* to some of old Vowles's gold became familiar to him. He struggled with such evil thoughts, though, and promising his companion to meet him again that evening at the same place, he went to a low tavern where he was in the habit of idling away that time which, properly improved, might have gone far to extricate his family from absolute want.

That night he again met Sharkey—again was he plied with liquor, and the more he drank, the more fit he became to engage in any desperate adventure. In the course of the drinking bout, some friends of Sharkey arrived, and Harry was introduced as one of themselves. A long and private conversation was held by the party, and it was not until Saint Paul's clock was striking three that they broke up. Sharkey supplied Harry with funds sufficient to purchase him better clothing, and it was arranged that in order to prevent Edith's suspecting anything, she should be told by her husband that he had been engaged by a merchant to drive a wagon some distance into the country, and that the said merchant had advanced him the means of making a respectable appearance.

Although Harry had drunk deeply, yet the exciting conversation in which he had been engaged, prevented his becoming so much intoxicated as he must otherwise have been. Flushed with the prospect of having abundance of gold, he was even in a better mood than usual; and when he placed his foot on the first step of the ricketty stairs which led to his garret, he stood for a moment to assume a calmness which he did not feel. But it was necessary, he thought, to pacify Edith, and a pang of remorse started through his heart at the sudden remembrance of all she had sacrificed and suffered on his account. But he smothered the rising repentance and crept softly up stairs, lest she should be asleep.

But asleep she was not. The gray dawn was just appearing through the window, making the roofs and chimneys of the surrounding houses indistinctly visible, and paling the flame of the candle now nearly burned down to the socket of its holder. Edith's head was resting on the palms of her hands that in their turn lay on the hard, coverless table. On her lap, lay her babe covered with a shawl; Ellen, still undressed, lay clasping her little brother's form on a wretched mattress in one corner of the room, and in another was the unoccupied bed of the impoverished pair. When Harry softly opened the door, she lifted her head, which had a strange, sad smile on it, and with her right forefinger pointed to Ellen as though indicating that he must not wake *her*.

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"I have cause to rejoice already, Harry," she said. "Look here!" and she removed the shawl from around her babe; "look here, Harry, it is taken—taken from the evil to come!"

"*The evil to come!*" As these words smote the wretched man's ear, whilst he looked on his dead child, the thought of the evil compact he had but just entered into caused him to shudder convulsively. Bowing his head on his knees, he sobbed aloud.

"Harry," said his wife, "'tis better it should be so. I almost wish those darlings yonder lay as stiff and cold. But God's will be done!" And in soft, low tones, she repeated the touching verse: "Is it well with thee?—is it well with the child? And she answered, it is well."

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Arrived at the barn, they each disguised their faces by covering them with crape; and having looked to their pistols, and finally decided on their arrangements, they again stole forth separately to meet at Farmer Vowles's orchard, from whence, by a back door, Harry had informed them easy access to the interior of the dwelling could be obtained.

It had been arranged that Sharkey should force the lock of the door, he being an experienced "cracksman," while the other two men kept watch; and that the door once open, Harry, who well knew where the strong box was kept, and where also the key and the plate were deposited, should enter, secure the booty, and then join his comrades. Well primed with brandy, the infatuated young man consented to all that was required of him, only stipulating with the others that come what would, no personal violence should be offered to the old man.

Mr. Sharkey performed his part of the night's business with wonderful celerity; the great door, after a few efforts, swung back noiselessly on its hinges.

"Now then, Harry, and be quick about it."

And with a stealthy step, Langley entered the well-known dwelling. Proceeding first to an escritoire in the parlor, he easily broke open a drawer and procured the key of the strong box. This business accomplished, he softly made his way up the dark staircase, and across a landing, from which a door opened into a little room, which communicated also with the sleeping apartment of the farmer. This door was left ajar, so that he could distinctly hear the regular heavy breathing of the occupant of the bed-chamber. Partially turning the slide of the dark lantern so as to see what he was doing, he gently opened the strong box, drew therefrom several packages of bank bills, some small parcels and several bags of coin, crammed his pockets with all the plate he could discover, and was about to shut down the lid, when to his horror and surprise, he felt his left arm grasped by a powerful hand. Looking up, he saw Farmer Vowles standing over him with a horse pistol in his grasp.

A fierce struggle ensued, in the course of which Harry's hat fell off, and with it the mask of crape which had hitherto concealed his face.

"My God! can it be? Harry Langley a midnight robber!" exclaimed the old man.

At that moment Sharkey, who had heard the struggle, pushed into the room to the rescue of his companion, and heard what Vowles said.

"Recognized, by heaven! Then there's no help for it." A shot, a heavy fall, and the poor old man lay a corpse on the floor.

Hurrying away the terrified young man, Sharkey left the house in all haste. Their companions without joined them, and in a quarter of an hour, they were driving towards London—avoiding Bath—at the top of their horses' speed. By daybreak, they reached the skirts of a large wood, and here they judged it best to divide their booty and separate.

The amount of plunder was great. The bank bills, gold and silver coin, and plate were equally divided—Langley taking a larger amount of the former in lieu of his share of the latter, which the other knew better how to dispose of. Some small parcels, which in his hurry Harry had thrust into his pocket, on being examined, were found to contain merely useless papers which they tore up and flung away.

"And here's an old pair of shoes! They'll do

"Then leave me little Nellie, you know she has always been my little favorite. Nellie, wont you come and live with uncle?"

"O, no, no! I cannot part with her, she is my only comfort now; don't rob me of the only being on earth that sympathizes with me!" And as she spoke she read in the little girl's eyes an assurance that she would not leave her side.

Farmer Vowles thrust a purse in his niece's hands.

"There, there, don't let your husband know you have that," he said, "keep it for an emergency. You'll be sure to want it—and—and give me that old pair of shoes in exchange; they'll remind me of Nellie, when she—God knows where—" And the old man, choking down a sob, slowly and sadly rode away, not once daring to look behind him, after the ruined family.

On a miserable, drizzling, foggy evening, Harry Langley, his wife, little Ellen, and the baby in its mother's arms, entered the great metropolis. Neither of them had ever before been there, and a more terrible feeling of loneliness and despair than they had ever before experienced, now came over their hearts. How they would have managed to travel so far had it not been for the timely aid afforded by Farmer Vowles, Edith could not tell. As yet, she had concealed her treasure from her husband; but she thought that he began to suspect the truth, for immediately on their reaching a London gin palace, he roughly demanded a shilling of her, and disappeared with it behind the great swinging doors of the place. Presently he re-appeared with a pot of porter and a piece of bread and cheese, which Edith partook of on a seat outside the door of the public house which she could not be persuaded to enter. A passing milkman supplied her with refreshment for her children—and thus was their first meal in London taken.

From travellers on the road, Harry had acquired information respecting cheap lodgings, and consulting a dirty card, he made out that at the east end of London they might obtain shelter on the lowest possible terms. Thither they repaired, and the next day a miserable garret in one of the worst neighborhoods of London received the wanderers.

Weeks—months passed away. Occasionally Harry procured a few days' work, but whatever he earned was invariably squandered in drink. Had it not been for the little hoard which Edith had held to with a miser's clutch, and some trifles which she obtained by making shirts for a wholesale dealer, she and her children must have starved long ago. Harry himself was seldom home by day, and how he existed she knew not. It was of no use to question him; and as to persuading him to alter his way of life, the poor broken-spirited woman had long despaired of that.

One day as Langley was lounging about the door of one of the inns at which the coaches from the west of England put up, the Highflyer Bath stage drove up, and scarcely had it stopped before to his astonishment he heard himself accosted by name. Looking up, who should he see on the box of the stage but an old acquaintance of the Bath tavern—the flashy gentleman, Mr. Sharkey?

"Hillo, Harry, my chicken!" he exclaimed, shaking Langley by the hand. "Why who the deuce could have thought to meet with you in London? But why—wh—what's the matter with you, man? Why don't you speak?"

"Why, the truth is, Master Sharkey, that things aint with me exactly as they used to be—in fact, I'm desperately hard up. You may see that plain enough."

"Well, your togs are none of the best, certainly—but I say, Harry, I'm not the man to cut an old friend because he's down in the world, and who knows but what I may put a spoke in your wheel and set you going again—eh? But come, let's go into a quiet corner of the parlor and drink to our meeting."

Nothing loth, Harry accepted the invitation, and before two glasses of punch had been consumed by him, he became, as usual, communicative.

"But wont your wife's uncle assist you—fork out? He's plenty, hasn't he?" asked Sharkey.

"Not a guinea—the old curmudgeon!" exclaimed Harry; "though, to my knowledge, he has many a score in his strong box, for ever since the Westbury Bank broke, he takes care of his own money."

"Then why the deuce don't you help yourself to some of it? Who has a greater right to it, I should like to know, than his own niece's husband?" slyly insinuated the tempter.

Harry shrank back aghast. No, drunkard as he knew himself to be, he was not yet a felon; but after a few more glasses, the thought that he had a *right* to some of old Vowles's gold became familiar to him. He struggled with such evil thoughts, though, and promising his companion to meet him again that evening at the same place, he went to a low tavern where he was in the habit of idling away that time which, properly improved, might have gone far to extricate his family from absolute want.

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"And here's an old pair of shoes! They'll do for one of your young ones, Harry. You may have them, as you've been at the trouble of bringing them away. What the deuce could have possessed the old blockhead to have put *them* in his strong box?"

And Sharkey tossed them carelessly to Langley, who scarcely knowing what he did, put them in the breast pocket of his coat.

The parties then separated, and took different roads, Harry mounting the stage which overtook him after he had started about two hours, and reaching London the next morning.

But how was he to account to his wife for the possession of such a sum of money as he now had about him? He knew that did she ever suspect that he came by a shilling dishonestly, she would rather have died than touched it. He determined, therefore, after much deliberation, to conceal the bulk of his ill-required treasure, and produce it in small sums at a time, as though they were legitimate earnings. But where to conceal it? That was the puzzling question. Who could he trust? At length, he decided to seal it up, and leave it in care of the landlord of the inn where the coach had stopped, until he should find some other mode of disposing of it; and this he did, first taking from it two or three pounds for the present emergencies of his family.

He was afraid to drink now, for well enough was he aware that when in liquor he could not keep a secret. So he hurried home, and not a little petrified was poor Edith to see her husband return in his right mind. And when he presented her with the money he said he had earned (how *dearly* earned, the reader knows), and promised solemnly to reform, hope's light once more faintly shone—shone, alas, to be soon and forever extinguished!

He spent the evening at home—trembling at every step he heard on the stairs—and at length bed-time came.

"Come, Harry, you must be tired!" said Edith. "Come, let me take off your coat and fold and brush it against the morning, as you say you must be off early. Why, Harry, what have you got in this breast pocket?"

And putting in her hand to discover what obstacle had impeded the operation of the brush, she drew forth a pair of little red morocco shoes. She knew them in an instant, and turning deadly pale, exclaimed:

"Father of mercies! Where did you get these?"

At this moment came a sharp rap at the door, and in the next it was burst open and two policemen entered.

"Henry, or Harry Langley, I arrest you on a charge of burglary and murder. You are my prisoner!" said one of them, laying his hand on the shoulder of the terror-stricken young man. In a twinkling, the other officer had handcuffed him.

"Excuse me, madam," said the officer, "but I must examine those shoes you have in your hand."

Poor Edith was speechless, and quietly resigned them to the official who, thrusting his finger into them, pulled out fifty pounds in ten-pound bank-notes from each. There was also a slip of paper, on which was written:

"In case of my death, I state that the bank-bills which will be found in these shoes, belong to my grand niece Ellen Langley, son of Harry and my niece Edith Langley, formerly Vowles. Until my death, I shall yearly deposit in them a similar sum. The shoes formerly belonged to my said grand niece, and is the only keepsake of hers in my possession.

"(Signed) ANTHONY VOWLES."

What need of proceeding further with the story? It appeared that Sharkey having been arrested, had "split" on his accomplice Langley, declaring that he and he alone had committed the murder. Langley was traced on the coach to London, and the deposit of his money with the landlord appeared corroborative of his guilt. The police once on his track, soon discovered his lodgings, and hence his capture. He was tried and sentenced to death, but committed suicide in his cell. Mrs. Langley died of a broken heart shortly afterwards, and her two children, having been claimed by some relatives, were removed to a distant part of the country, where it was hoped the remembrance of the past might be in time obliterated from their young memories.

PRACTICABLE SERMON.

Dropping into an African meeting-house, in the outskirts of the city, we found the sermon just commenced. The topic seemed to be the depravity of the human heart, and the sable divine thus illustrated his argument:

"Bredren, when I war in Virginia, one day de old woman's kitchen table got broke, and I was sent down into de woods to cut a tree to make a new leaf for de table. So I took de axe on my shoulder an' I wander into de depth of de forest. All nature was beautiful as a lady going to de wedden. De leaves glistened on de maple trees like new quarter-dollars in de missionary box; de sun shone as brilliant and nature looked as gay as a buck-rabbit in a barker pact, and de little bell round de old sheep's neck tinkled softly in de distance. I spied a suitable tree for de purpose, and I raised de axe to cut into de trunk. It was a beautiful tree. De branches reached to de four corners of de earth, an' raise up so high in de air above, and de squirrels hop about in de limbs like de angels flopping der wings in de kingdom of heaven. Dat tree was full of promise, my friends, jest like a great many of you. Den I cut into de trunk, and made de chips fly, like de mighty scales dropping from Paul's eyes. Two, tree cuts I gib dat tree, and alas! it were hollow in de butt-end-ah. Dat tree was very much like you, my friends—full ob promise outside, but *hollow in de butt*."

The groans from the amen corner of the room were truly contrite and affecting; but we will venture a smart wager that that was the most practicable sermon preached in the city, on that day, at least.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

CURIOSITIES.

Whiskers from the cat that was let out of the bag.

The rope with which Jacob lifted up his voice.

A few stitches taken by a tailor in a coat of paint.

A little perfume from the flower of the army.

A minute quantity of jelly made from the current of the Mississippi.

A few soaked logs from the drift of a discourse.

A thimble-full of steel dust supposed to have been made when Macbeth filed his mind.—*Punch.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BATTLE OF PRUSSIAN EYLAU.

BY H. H. HOLLISTER.

[On the morning of the 8th of February, 1807, the French and Russian armies rose from their cheerless bivouacs amid the snows of Prussian Eylau, to one of the bloodiest battles of modern times. For eighteen consecutive hours, from the earliest dawn till far into the night, the two armies continued the terrible struggle, with a ferocity almost unparalleled, and with a carnage even more dreadful than Waterloo. The Russians were at length forced to give way, and sternly and sullenly retiring, they left Napoleon in quiet possession of that bloody field, upon which nearly 50,000 men had fallen.]

In peaceful slumbers wrapt,
The hostile armies lay,
Encouched in snow, by the watch-fires' glow,
Waiting the morrow's fray.
But the watch-fires smouldering out,
And the moon passed from on high,
And the battle-dawn grim, rose dark and dim
Athwart the lurid sky.

The trumpet then was heard,
And the bugle's shrilly note;
And the beat of drum, on the morning's gloom
With a boding murmur smote;
The deep-toned cannons poured
Their signal notes anon;
And through the gloom, to the work of doom
The serried ranks went on.

All through that winter's morn,
All through that dreadful day,
Mid the falling snow, and the battle-fires' glow,
Raged the ensanguined fray.
All through the livelong day,
And far in the dead of night,
Stood breast to breast, in their strife unblest,
The Gaul and the Muscovite.

But the roar of cannon ceased,
The death-fires faded amain,
And the strife grew still, when the midnight chill
Drew solemnly over the slain.
No trumpet then was heard,
Nor a bugle's cheery note;
No beat of drum, in the brooding gloom,
The sullen midnight smote.
And from the frightful field
No sounds of triumph rose;
But a wall of woe, went hoarse and low
From Eylau's wintry snows.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JONATHAN PHIMPLETREE'S TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH A SNAKE.

BY HAZEL GREEN, ESQ.

AMONG the many persons with whom I have formed an acquaintance since I have been stopping in Illinois, is Jonathan Phimpletree. Jonathan is what the people style a "very clever feller," and as he is an "Eastern man," and pretends to know more than most of his neighbors, he is regarded as quite a champion. Last year they elected him *high* constable, which office he fills with the dignity of a man of importance.

Mr. Phimpletree came out West about fifteen years ago. The country was almost a wilderness then, and, to use his own language, there were plenty of snakes and such like about, and consequently he felt rather "skittish." He had many queer adventures, one of which I will relate as near in his own style as possible:

"When I first came to Illinois, I was much afraid of snakes. In fact, I had heard so many frighful stories about them, that I regarded it as almost impossible for an Eastern man to come out and remain a year without falling a victim to their satanic vengeance. I was afraid to go into the woods—afraid to leave the road on any occasion, lest I should rouse a deadly monster and receive a fatal sting. I lived in constant dread, and but for the fact that I had purchased a small farm and got it seeded for a "crop," I should have returned East without delay.

"Though I lived in much dread, my troubles did not come fairly on until my first crop of oats was ripe for harvest. I knew if there were snakes in the country, my oat patch would certainly contain its share of them. What was I to do? All my neighbors were busily engaged with their own harvests, and consequently I could not hire any of them; and as to cutting it myself, pshaw! that was more than I could even think of. Day after day passed by—my oats became 'dead ripe' and were rapidly going to waste. Time after time I went to the fence and looked over for snakes, but on no occasion could I see any; still, I knew they must be there. At last, rather than see my grain all go to waste, and thus endure the ridicule of the neighbors, I resolved to make at least one effort to cut it myself. Anyhow, I thought there would not be much danger in getting on my horse, and riding out into the field to view the prospect.

"I 'let down the fence' at a place where there were no oats, and with the air of a brave man, led my horse into the patch. A few friendly hogs were at hand ready to accompany me through my danger, but not seeing any real benefit that they could be to either me or the oats, I 'laid up the gap' after me. Mounted upon my horse, and armed with a scythe-snath with which to defend myself in case of an attack, I launched into the thickest of the oats, holding up both legs, and looking on all sides with great caution.

"But a short distance had been traversed in this way before I discovered a dark form moving through the grain parallel with me, a little to my left. One glance sufficed to convince me that it was a large snake. At first, I thought of taking the snath from my shoulder and giving him battle; but fearing that he might soon be reinforced, I started off on a trot to leave him.

"Before I had gone many steps, I looked down into the oats and to my horror discovered that he was whipping up also, and was still close beside me. I started my horse into a gallop—he mended *his* gait, and still kept even. Faster and faster we went—nip and nip, as the boys say—neither of us seeming to gain ground.

"When I reached the fence and made a short turn, I lost sight of him, and soon began to chuckle over my good fortune; but I did not rejoice long, for in the next instant I discovered him nearly in before me, still running like a blue streak. Jerusalem! if ever you heard it thunder, were in a hurricane, and felt an earthquake at the same time, you have some idea of what followed. Round and round the field we went—first one of us before and then the other—first on the right and then on the left, till every stalk of oats was beaten down as flat as a pancake. What would I not have given for the fence to have been down so I could have got out and had more sea-room? How I thought of Cibilla Jane and our dear little Augustus Henry!

"'Poor little Gus,' thought I, 'he'll never recollect how his father looked when he grows to be a man!'

"At length, entirely exhausted, my horse fell down and I abandoned myself to my fate. I laid insensible for a time—how long, I know not. When I recovered, the snake was nowhere to be seen. I felt about over my person to ascertain where the fatal wound had been inflicted; but to my unspeakable joy, it was not there. The monster had not fulfilled its deadly mission. I reasoned with myself about the matter thus:

"'Perhaps it became exhausted just before I did, and as soon as it recovers, will be on hand again. I had better be leaving.'

"So shouldering my scythe-snath, I started on foot. But a few steps had been taken before I looked back, and there it was right at my heels again. Knowing that it would be worse than folly to run on this occasion, I wheeled around, resolved to take my chance in a fight. In an instant the snath was poised above my head and came down like a thunderbolt upon the vicious monster. As luck would have it, it dodged right under the falling snath, and I gave it an awful blow, and—"

Here the narrator paused, and commenced wiping his brow.

"And killed it outright," I added.

"No—worse than that. I made the *pleasing* discovery that I had been running for the last three hours from nothing under heavens but the shadow of my scythe-snath. You had better believe it cured me of being afraid of snakes."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOOPS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

THE papers say the Empress Eugenia has discarded hoops from her wardrobe, and appears again in the "clinging drapery" of other days. And, furthermore, the papers express a wish that we Americans should follow the example she has set, thereby leaving the sidewalks and omnibuses free for gentlemen to frequent, without being in danger of breaking their bones, as well as *whale*-bones.

Now this may be very wise for Mrs. Empress Eugenia, and she has an undoubted right to act as she pleases; and, thank fortune, so have we. She is not a shop-girl who is obliged to drag up and down the dusty streets, through the long, sultry summer; or a housewife, who must necessarily spend half of every day over a cooking-stove, baking meats, puddings and pies. She can sit in her cool, royal apartments, without having a care for the little one so lately given her; and preside at her stately banquets in her "clinging drapery," without remembering with a sigh that for days she was forced to go about in her cook-room, bearing up a killing load of skirts, while preparing food for her expected guests. O, yes! it is very sensible for us intelligent American ladies to ape all the fancies of the empress of France! First, a bonnet covering the back of one's head and leaving the forehead, cheeks and nose out bold to the hot sun; and then a covering for the head nearly as large as a meeting-house shed, with a crown sufficiently capacious to hold three common-sized heads. Now hoops—now a ton of skirts without hoops.

I, for one, do most sincerely wish that the gentlemen who so ridicule the wearing of hoops, were obliged to exchange places with those to whom they recommend this graceful "clinging drapery." I would enjoy seeing them wrapped up in some eight pounds of skirts, pushing their way down Washington Street when the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, and the rain and sleet driving mercilessly against them. Or, on a hot August morning, to see these dictators of woman's dress bending over a wash-tub, taking in a full, sensible meaning of the term "clinging drapery." I'll wager with any one that nine out of every ten of these fault-finders would vote for hoops, hoops!—no matter if they covered an acre house-lot, or were inflated to the size of Godard's balloon.

Men ridicule every reform that women attempt to bring about in their dress. They scout the idea of the Bloomer style, which relieves the wearer of this great modern curse of weighty petticoats. They compliment ladies upon the beautiful appearance they present in long, sweeping robes, and then shrug their shoulders, and look knowingly out of one eye when they see these same rich garments dragging to the depth of a quarter of a yard in the street filth; and let fall from their lips a tirade upon woman's extravagance, the weight their follies bring upon their husbands' and fathers' business, and the ruin and desolation they fling over their homes.

I do wish that all the dear, exquisite and refined gentlemen would mind their own affairs—not those of the ladies. I do wish they would content themselves with petting their whiskers, tying bewitching cravat bows, coaxing their dickeys up to the support of their ears, and sporting long drapery-like coat-tails, without attempting to tell us just how large our hoops should be, just how much of our feet and ankles we should display, just how low a dress should be here, and how high in another place—without telling us how many inches long our steps should be, just how to smile, how to draw down the corners of our mouths, how to raise our eyes, and in how high or low a tone of voice we may with propriety speak.

We women do not make laws, nor meddle with the making of them, and until we do, I beg the sterner sex to allow us to fashion our petticoats undisturbed. If *I* had a husband who begged me to discard hoops, I should know for a certainty that he was looking out for a second wife; and I'd show him in the twinkling of an eye that *my* precious body shouldn't be dragged into the grave by a weight of skirts, just to please him.

Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Indian Curry Soup.

Take three quarts of water, to which may be added some beef stock, put half of it into a stewpan, with two small chickens, surrounded with slices of fat bacon, a bunch of parsley, two bay-leaves, four cloves, a pinch of mace, the same of cayenne pepper and allspice, pepper, thyme, and basil; let them boil slowly three-quarters of an hour, then take up the chickens; skim the liquid, and strain it through a very fine sieve into a stewpan containing ten ounces of rice washed and blanched; and a slight infusion of saffron to color it of a fine yellow; after boiling nearly an hour, pour the rice into the tureen containing the fowls cut in pieces; add the remaining liquid quite boiling, and serve. This soup should taste of the herbs and spices, and triflingly of the cayenne pepper.

Pear Marmalade.

Take six pounds of small pears and four pounds of lump sugar. Put the pears into a saucepan, with a little water, and set it on the fire. When the pears are soft, take them out; pare, quarter, and core them. As you do this, throw each piece into cold water, in another saucepan; and when all are done, set them on the fire. As soon as they are sufficiently soft, rub them through a sieve; and, having in the meantime clarified the sugar, pour the syrup to the pulp, set it on the fire, and stir the whole together until the marmalade is of the proper consistence. Then take it off, and put it into pots; when cold tie them down.

Restorative Broth.

Put in an earthen pot, sufficiently large, four pounds of beef sliced, a good knuckle of veal, and a fowl half-roasted, add nearly three quarts of cold water, and set it at the side of the fire, to skim it gently; add salt, two carrots, a turnip, three leeks, and half a head of celery tied in a bundle, and a clove stuck in an onion, and let it boil slowly for five hours without ceasing; then take up the roots and trim neatly; taste the broth, using but little salt to flavor the soup; skim, and add the roots to it, and serve; this is a healthy soup, and good in families where the nourishment of children is to be attended to.

Blackberry Wine.

Over as many quarts as you have of berries, pour so many quarts of cold water which has been boiled. Bruise the berries well, and let the whole stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it occasionally; strain the juice, and put a pound and a half of sugar to each gallon of liquid; stir it until the sugar is dissolved, and put it into a cask with a quarter of an ounce of isinglass to two gallons of liquid; let it remain open until the next day, when it should be bunged. In two months it may be bottled off, and will be found a very pleasant wine.

To dry Gooseberries.

To seven pounds of red gooseberries, add a pound and a half of powdered sugar, which must be strewed over them in the preserving-pan; let them remain at a good height over a slow fire till they begin to break; then remove them. Repeat this process for two or three days; then take the gooseberries from the syrup, and spread them out on sieves near the fire to dry. This syrup may be used for other preserves. When the gooseberries are quite dry, store them in the boxes or layers of paper.

Charcoal as a purifier.

Few are aware of the valuable antiseptic properties of charcoal in the sick-room, or its purifying effects in crowded chambers. A dozen pieces the size of hazel-nuts, placed in a saucer or soup-plate, daily moistened by boiling water, will, in the course of a week, have gathered their own weight in impure air. At the end of the sixth day they should be renewed, and the former ones burnt, as in case of disease, they have gathered of the poisonous exhalations, and are therefore no longer without danger.

Dried Pie Plant.

Now is the time. Take pie plant that is fit for use now, not too tough; strip it, cut it in bits an inch or two long, string it, and dry in like manner with apples. In the winter, soak it and treat it like dried apples—prepared in cooking exactly like the fresh. It is capital, as good as when fresh—one cannot tell the difference. It dries very small and looks unpromising, but it will sweep up again, and be as tender and tart as ever.

Cure for Rheumatism.

A correspondent of the London Medical Circular vouches for the relief he has experienced in liberal use of lemon juice, whilst laboring under the paroxysms of rheumatism. By repeated indulgence in the above simple acid, for the space of three days, avoiding all stimulating liquids, the most confirmed rheumatism will, he says, relax, and the tone of the muscular and nervous system will be restored to its usual character.

Corn Cake.

Take two teacupfuls of finely sifted corn meal, one of flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar or molasses; to which add sufficient good buttermilk (previously lightened with saleratus) to make a thin batter; bake in large pans not more than one inch in depth, and take to the dinner-table hot

Delicious Saline Draught.

Take twenty grains of carbonate of soda, and an equal quantity of white sugar, twenty-five grains of either lemon or tartaric acid; mix this in two glasses of water, as usual. If you substitute half a lemon for the acid it will be a still more delicious and refreshing draught.

Pickled Cherries (Sweet.)

One gallon vinegar to three pounds of sugar; boil down one half; spice with cloves, or stick cinnamon, or both; put in the cherries and let them scald. Peaches may be pickled in the same way; they must be cut off the stones.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FOR THEE ALONE.

BY N. M. GREENE.

A star is peeping from yon cloud!
  A lone star, mid the shades of even:
As if to deck the brow of Night,
  But one bright jewel had been given.

And art thou gazing, O, my friend,
  Who dwell'st afar, o'er land and sea,
Up through the gathering shades of night?
  And think'st thou, in this hour, of me?

I dare not hope, that to thy dreams
  I come, as thou dost visit mine;
I dare not dream, that thoughts of love
  Are dwelling in that heart of thine.

And yet forever in my soul
  There echoes but one music tone;
Warning me that my wayward heart
  Is living but for thee alone.

Thou art the only star that sheds
  Its radiance o'er my life's dark sea:
And future hours lose half their gloom,
  While that one star-gem beams for me.

SILENCE.

Still born Silence! thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking tongue!
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb!

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

A Smuggling Adventure.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SMUGGLER OF SARK.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THE island of Sark, on the northwest coast of France, is a beautiful little spot. It is composed mostly of porphyry and jasper rocks, and rises out of the sea like the tomb of a Titan. During the reign of Elizabeth it was a savage spot, and she gave it to Helier, Lord of Saint Owen.

Philip of Cataret, a descendant of the first lord of Sark, was a simple fisherman. Philip owned a little cottage not far from the harbor of Gasselin, and descended to his boat by means of a rope and pole, for descents by paths made in the flint-like rock were very few and far between. When Philip had been successful in his fishing, he went to Saint Pierre, in the island of Guernsey, which is to the inhabitants of Sark like London and Paris to those living in its precincts. Gaily and cheerfully he went on his excursions, making a little, but contented and never envying the splendor of his uncles the barons. Judith, wife of Philip of Cataret, was called the handsomest woman in the country, and their son Helier gave promise of being the handsomest young man.

Near Philip lived another family, a father, mother and their young daughter, whose name was Vaudin. The father had been, like Philip, a sailor, or rather followed four different ways of life, farmer, sailor, hunter and soldier; but old wounds had obliged him to retire from the sea, and he aided his wife and Marion in selling their wares in the village. Marion and Helier, born nearly at the same time, grew up side by side, partaking the same joys, weeping at the same sorrow. All at once Philip, formerly so gay, frank and jovial, became morose and taciturn. His absences from home were longer and more irregular, and his visits in Guernsey were almost lengthened into permanent stops. He worked less, and slept more, and his sleep was troubled by dreams. His tastes changed, as did his habits and even his language; he began to complain that the food was bad, the bed hard, the soup thin, the cider flat; he asked no longer, he commanded. Judith suffered with closed lips. But Helier, noticing the disagreeable change in his father, asked him the reason. Then Cataret took him out of hearing of his wife and told him strange things of the pleasures of places far away.

"I can have them, and you can, too," finished the father, in a tone he had never used before.

"How will that be done?" asked the boy.

"By becoming rich, my son. Do you wish to become so?"

"Why, father, have I not everything I need?"

The face of Philip grew dark, and he sent his son away, who sadly thought that he must do evil to live so. At first the fisherman was absent a month, then two, then an entire season from his home in Sark. At each return, he seemed more impenetrable than ever. He would put on the table a bag of gold, but say nothing.

One day his worthy wife determined to have this living secret explained by her husband. Philip had called for his equipments necessary for the sea, without saying more than usual about his departure. Judith followed him into the chamber with a heavy bag of gold in her hand, and said in a soft, but firm voice:

"Philip of Cataret, see what you have given me in eight days, more than you ever gave me in three months. It is a large sum to sell fish for. I do not ask what you have hid from me; you are master of your own words and actions, and have a right to carve out my destiny as well as yours; but we have received from God an innocent child who is to obey our wishes, and follow in our steps, if they are not bad. I have some expenses to incur for our son; Philip, can I touch this money?"

"Have I not given it to you, my dear wife? Am I not sure you will make a good use of it?"

"The use does not purify the source, Philip. This money, was it honestly gained?"

"Honestly!" said the husband, with an effort. It is the price of work and victory, Judith. When Elizabeth, queen of England and duchess of Normandy, gave this island to my ancestors, she made the best disposal of it possible. My uncles, to-day, possess the property of my fathers; is it because I have done wrong? Has it come to such a pass, that you, the wife who bears my name, doubt my honesty?"

"You do not answer my question, Philip. Here is twice as much as you ever had in two years. Where does it come from?"

"I tell what I wish, and I do what I wish, is it not so?" replied he, coldly. "The money I have given you belongs to me. If you have any scruples about it, sell our house; I will buy it back when I return." And he left. More than a year passed without any news from him.

Helier Cataret was eighteen and Marion Vaudin just seventeen, and they loved each other more than ever. Judith gained consolation from them, and quietly went her way, paying no attention to the stories that were circulated about Philip. Judith often went to the rocks, searching vainly for the little red sail, the sight of which used to be so frequent and welcome. One day, when least expected, news of its approach was announced. Madame Cataret, followed by Marion, went out with fear in her heart, but she was soon reassured, for her husband came forward. She did not at first recognize Philip, for his dress was that of a rich captain, and his step was grave and haughty.

All the people assembled and followed him to his humble house, and he told them to go the next day to the Union, the only tavern in the place. For he had room for only a dozen at his table, and he would there give a splendid dinner.

No one knew what Philip had said to his wife on his return; only people noticed that the joy of poor Judith did not last long, and that she was more sad and pale than ever.

As to Philip, he was to all appearance a rich man. Judith had sold her house during his absence, and was now only a lodger in it. Philip bought it and remodelled it. A vessel arrived from France, filled with huge cases; they contained furniture more beautiful than those of the Lord of Sark; they could hardly go into the house. The garden was laid out in beds and smooth paths were bordered with beautiful roses and laurels. This garden was enclosed by a wall, and over the massive gateway was carved the escutcheon of the family, as if Philip had been the eldest, instead of the youngest of the family.

When the companions of his childhood, those who had always been on familiar, intimate terms with him, asked him how he had gained all these riches, "By trade," he would answer, though he never related any of his adventures. Soon it got rumored about that Philip of Cataret had sold his soul to the devil, as no other way of accounting for his sudden wealth could be thought of.

This time his wife did not seem sad, neither did she go as usual on the rocks to watch the last glimpse of the red sail. She seemed only to live for her son. Sad things were passing between husband and wife, for she never spoke of them voluntarily, and to those who asked news of him she drooped her head, as if the image of Philip had been effaced from her heart by some crime.

"One day, after having talked with the priest, Madame Cataret made a visit at her neighbor Vaudin's. Her object was to ask Marion Vaudin for her son. The old people demurred, because the ways of Philip had become so strange.

"We are Christians, neighbor Judith, and our daughter is the daughter of a Christian; and we do not know that Philip is one. However, this is not our children's faults, nor thine I think."

So it was settled that Helier should have Marion for his wife, but they were not to see each other as often as formerly. Helier knew all that had passed; knew what was said of his father, and in an agony of rage and anxiety he demanded of the priest, who had been his instructor if his father was a sorcerer. He received an answer to the contrary, and went home satisfied.

The next week Philip of Cataret was again with his family. He stayed a little while and during his stay informed his wife that on his next voyage Helier was to accompany him. Judith questioned him as to his destination, but received no satisfaction. She was merely commanded to have her son in readiness.

One night Philip left the house secretly and did not return till the next morning. The next night the same thing happened, and his son resolved to watch him and find out where he went. It was the night before Helier was to leave, and bidding him good night, Judith placed on his finger a beautiful ring, saying, "Take care of it, my son, it will bring you happiness."

When all was still Philip left the house and his son followed cautiously. Although Philip did not know he was watched, he took every precaution to avoid pursuit; doubling like a fox when pursued by dogs; and stopping to listen at every turn. Hearing nothing he took his way quickly to what was called the Coupee, a sort of isthmus joining the two parts of the island, the Great Sark and Little Sark. Helier followed his father cautiously, when suddenly he saw him disappear as if swallowed up in the earth. With trembling limbs and face covered with a cold sweat, he walked forward and came to a fissure in the rock. He knelt down on the edge and looked down at the sea flashing with phosphorescent light beneath him. There was no moon, but by the light of the stars he thought he saw his father suspended by a rope, half way between the tops of the rocks and the sea. All the stories of magic Helier had heard of his father flashed through his mind. The hour, the place, the low moanings of the sea, together with his intense anxiety, nearly unmanned him. His head swam, a faintness came over him, and he fell to the earth, but, as he did so his hands touched a massive iron ring, firmly imbedded in the rocks, to which was attached a strong cable. This single explanation restored him to self-possession and coolness. What he had thought was magic, was only a gymnastic feat. Helier seized the rope and began to descend. The rocks were said to abound in caves, but few were daring enough to search for them. Helier paused not to consider what would be the consequences of his act, he only knew that he was following his father. After a painful descent of some hundred feet or more, the young man touched the rocks and heard the sound of voices, echoing in the cave before which he stood. Creeping along carefully he placed himself behind a sort of natural pillar, from whence he could listen unobserved to the men who were assembled in the cave. They were seated on barrels, and talked of their business. Upon the floor, at their feet, was a prisoner bound with cords and his mouth gagged; he was dressed in the uniform of a custom-house officer. For a few years past there had been a custom-house established for the good of the island, to prevent the sale of brandy to English smugglers.

The faces of the smugglers were fierce and bronzed. One among them was black; he was a negro; but as young Cataret had never before seen one, he thought for a surety he was the evil one. They spoke in English, more or less accented, but Helier did not see his father among them; and as he was reaching forward in order to see better, his feet slipped upon the wet, moss-covered rock, and he fell with a loud crash.

At the noise the men sprang up, grasping their knives and pistols. The imprudent youth was raised, and brought forward, and placed upon a barrel. "Who is it?—Who are you?—Where does he come from?—From the moon?—A clerk?—A scholar?—A spy?—Some rope!—Yes, to the boat with the other one!—A weight for the neck!—Say thy prayers!"

"Who speaks of tying a stone to the neck of my son?" said he whom the young man sought for. "A Cataret the spy of the custom-house! Do it if you dare! Let us go?"

And seizing his son as an eagle does his prey, he led him to the little strip of beach. The others resumed their talking and drinking.

"What did you come here for?" asked Philip.

"To know where you went nights, father."

"Ah? Well, it is not so very wrong, my dear Helier. It was thy mother who sent thee?"

"No."

"As common spy, then."

"Father!" And the young man's voice was indignant.

"Well, well, that is good. How did you come here? by the road from Singa?"

"No, by the rope, as you came."

The incredulous father seized roughly the hand he held; Helier uttered a cry of pain. Philip dropped the hand and his eye flashed with pride.

"Why did you wish to know where I went?" asked the smuggler, in a softer tone.

"Because my mother weeps, and I love her."

"A reproach, my son? You know now, do you not? And, now that you know, it will be worse for your mother than for you. You belong to us, and you will not again ascend. I would have chosen for you a different life. It is too late now to retract. Let us enter the cave, and close the bond; a glass of brandy, a poniard in your hand, an oath, and you are a free-trader. You came of your own accord to prove that your heart is brave. Embrace me, my dear son!"

"My father," answered Helier, "I owe you obedience in all things right, and resistance in evil. I have heard what your companions spoke about! They are not free traders, they are murderers! What will they do to the unfortunate man now in their power?"

"What they would have done to you if it had not been for me, boy. It is violence for violence! The custom-house officers kill us, we kill the custom-house officers! The tide rises, let us go!"

"I tell you I will not go! for my mother, for Marion, who calls me."

"Invoke neither the one nor the other," said Philip, in a sad voice; "you will return to them no more. You came at your own risk. Remain!"

Without letting go his hold on his child, the captain of the smugglers put his fingers to his lips and gave a shrill whistle. The negro came at the signal, and they spoke together in Portuguese. A few minutes afterwards, they were all assembled, the barrels were shipped. The sea covered the beach; the red sail was afloat. They carried the officer on board first, still bound and gagged. Then they took the young man who was dumb with despair. The smugglers embarked after, and Philip wading knee deep in the water, came to his son, and throwing his cloak over his shoulders said, passing the back of his hand across his eyes, "Farewell, boy! Good-by, all! Take care of my child."

He unfastened the cable, gave one last look, and disappeared among the rocks. When the red sail was outside the island of Guernsey, in deep, blue water, they tied a stone to the neck of the officer, and threw him overboard. So anxious were they in preparing for his immersion, they did not see Philip's son as he plunged into the water. The darkness, and the rolling thunder, prevented their seeing or hearing where he fell.

After the fatal embarkation of Helier, Philip returned home and said to Judith; "I have seen Helier. The tide was just right and I ordered him to set out." This he said without a sign of emotion. But the next day, as he was conversing with the sailors on board his cutter, one of them said, pointing to an object floating among the rocks, "If I had not seen the captain's cloak on his back, I should say that it was floating on the top of yonder wave!"

Philip, hearing that, looked and saw only too plainly the cloak he had given his son, floating on the water. A frightful presentiment seized him, for he loved his child very fondly. "O, sea, hast thou then swallowed up my child?" Then leaving immediately, waiting not for his cargo, risking all, he soon rejoined the red sail. The negro related what had happened, and he split the black sailor's head with an axe. Then he sent the red sail to Sark, with a letter for the priest, which contained these words:

"Helier, your son and mine has been killed. I am the cause of his death. Tell his mother that I shall never return. She may do as she pleases about wearing mourning for me."

Madame Cataret fainted when she heard this. Even his crime could not wholly efface her love for her husband, and she almost adored her son.

Three years passed away and two women came in the autumn to a little cottage in Catel, in the island of Guernsey, dressed in mourning; they were Marion Vaudin and Madame Cataret. Marion's uncle had left her this cottage, and she left the island which had been the scene of such sorrow to her, for Guernsey. Madame Cataret could not be separated from her child, as she called her always. Marion's father and mother were with her also.

When they had been some time in Catel, a handsome, rich stranger came to visit in the village. He saw Marion's pale but still beautiful face at church, and was attracted by it. In a village where everybody is known, it was an easy thing to get acquainted, and soon Monsieur Bertram was the avowed suitor of Marion Vaudin. She refused to countenance his addresses, remained deaf to the words of her father and mother, and was faithful to the memory of her dead love.

One day Madame Cataret and Marion were conversing together when Monsieur Bertram was announced. Marion rose and left the room, deputing Madame Cataret to receive him. He seemed much disappointed at finding only Judith, and gave her a ring which he wished her to present in his name to Marion. The moment Madame Cataret saw the ring she uttered a cry: "Murder! murder! help me all! Here is the man who killed my son! He it is who has robbed me of my son!"

The ring was the one she had given to her son the last time she saw him, as she proved beyond a doubt by opening the stone, and showing engraved underneath, the names of Helier and Marion. Bertram grew pale and stammered out incoherent excuses—said he had purchased the ring of a Jew pedler, well known in the island under the name of Levy. Levy was sought for, but he was absent. Levy returned and was accused by both Monsieur Bertram and Madame Cataret, and though he solemnly swore that until that moment, he had never bought, sold or seen the ring, he was thrown into prison; for what was his word compared to that of the rich, powerful banker?

The day before the trial of the Jew, a stranger entered the village and went directly to the bailiff and ordered the Jew, who until then had always borne the character of an honest man, to be set at liberty, for he was innocent, as he could prove. Leaving the house of the bailiff, he went to the Vaudins' cottage. He paused at the door and his eyes were full of tears, as extending his arms, he cried, "Marion!" She answered "Helier!" fell fainting in his arms. They thought her dead, but, though for a long time insensible, she revived to realize her joy. Madame Cataret seemed to renew her youth from the time her son returned.

After jumping into the water, Helier swam as long as his strength would permit, and then lost all consciousness. When he recovered his senses he was lying on the deck of a piratical vessel. He was kindly treated, and when wholly restored to health and strength, for his fatigue and exposure in the water brought on a fever, he was asked to join them, but this he sturdily refused. Seeing him so obstinate, he was placed in a vessel bound for Quebec. Before leaving the pirates he gave his mother's ring to the captain, as it was the only return he could make for his kindness. The captain was Monsieur Bertram, the pretended banker. The reason of his not wishing to say how he came by the ring, was explained. He would not voluntarily avow himself a pirate.

Helier returned to Canada with his mother and wife, the happy Marion. Well was she repaid for her years of patient, hopeful faithfulness.

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Flowers God-gilt, drooping, tearful and tender,
That halo-like gird the round world with your splendor,
Ah, little think ye mid your ever fresh comers, [mers.
How your beauties make hearts beat in the bright sum-

Ivy on Buildings.

It is a mistaken idea that ivy renders a structure damp, and hastens its decay. On the contrary, nothing so effectually keeps the building, as it may be seen by examining beneath the ivy after a rain, where it will be found that the walls are dry, though all around is deluged with wet. Its exuberant and web-like roots, issuing as they do from every portion of the branches on which it grows, bind everything together that comes within their reach, with such a firm and intricate lacework that not a stone can be removed from its position without first tearing away its protective safeguard.

Culture of Crocuses.

To raise the crocus from seed, the latter should be sown immediately after being gathered, in light, dry earth, that will neither bind nor retain moisture long; but it is not necessary that it should be rich, as that might encourage too much luxuriance and humidity. Large pots or pans, or small shallow boxes of such soil, with a sufficiency of holes and broken ware at the bottom, to drain off all superfluous moisture, are the best receptacles for these seeds.

Cactus.

With regard to the culture of the cactus in this country, it is found that, generally speaking, they ought to have a season of complete rest, followed by one of violent excitement; that is, they ought to be kept almost without water from October to March, and then watered profusely while they are coming into flower. They ought all to be grown in pots, well drained with cinders. When received late in the year, that is to say in October or later, they should not be potted till the following spring.

Banksia.

Evergreen New Holland shrubs, with curious flowers, much resembling a kind of brush, but generally more remarkable for the beauty of their leaves, which are curiously notched and cut. All the species grow well in a mixture of sandy peat and loam, with the pots well drained. Cuttings are raised from the young wood root, with some difficulty in sand under a bell glass, with some bottom heat.

Capsicum Solanaceæ.

The pods belonging to this genus produce the Cayenne pepper; and they are very ornamental from their brilliant color, which is a bright scarlet, and their remaining on all winter. They are generally tender annuals, requiring artificial heat to ripen the fruit; but there is one species, sometimes called Cherry pepper or Bell pepper, which does not require so much heat.

Splendid Lily.

One of the most admired of the lily tribe, is the "lancifolium," having showy blossoms, and throwing out in great profusion a rich and refreshing fragrance. In order to grow them to perfection, they should be re-potted every season, putting them at once into the pots they are intended to flower in.

Luculia Gratissima.

This is a remarkably fragrant plant, with large flowers, something like those of the Hydrangea. It should be grown in a green house, in a mixture of light turfy loam and peat.

Mutisia Compositæ.

This is a curious plant, with tendrils at the extremity of the leaves. It is a native of Brazil, and requires artificial heat. They are propagated by cuttings.

Sasanqua.

A kind of Camellia, very pretty. The blossom resembles that of the tea tree.

Jester's Picnic.

The announcement of Beranger's death recalls, says the Evening Post, an incident that is said to have happened at Harvard College a few years ago. One of the students had prepared for public exhibition a disquisition on "Beranger." A few days before the time appointed for its delivery the death of the poet was announced in the papers, and seemed to afford an opportunity for the display of unusual eloquence. The peroration began: "Beranger is dead; he is followed to his grave by his country's love and the homage of the world." Unluckily, on the morning of the exhibition the report was contradicted. The orator, determined not to lose his fine passage, said: "Beranger is *not* dead; he is *not* followed to his grave by his country's love and the homage of the world," and retired amid rounds of applause.

Fashionable Call and all they said.—"How do you do, my dear?" "Putty well, thank you." (They kiss.) "How have you been this age?" "Putty well. How have you been?" "Very well, thank you." "Pleasant to-day." "Yes, very bright; but we had a shower yesterday." "Are all your people well?" "Quite well, thank you. How are yours?" "Very well—I'm obliged to you." "Have you seen Mary B——, lately?" "No; but I've seen Susan C——." "You don't say so! Is she well?" "Very well, I believe." (Rising.) "*Must* you go?" "Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make." "Do call on me once in an age." "O, you should not say so! I'm sure I'm very good." "Good-by."

A farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had an excellent gun that went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged.

"Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman; "but how the deuce did it happen—must have been an Irish gun?"

"Not at all," said the farmer, "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it."

A regular *sell*.

An Irishman addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the right place.

"Ha, ha, ha!" said a bystander, "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?"

"And sure what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat, "and couldn't he pick it up with his teeth? To old Nick wid yer botheration!"

When George the Third, who was not much of a soldier, reviewed the 49th regiment of Highlanders, he admired their stalwort proportions and gorgeous plaid. After the review he sent for the colonel, told him how much he admired the regiment, and as a special act of kindness declared his intention of furnishing "the poor fellows with breeches." But the Highlanders swore they would never put their legs in bags, and so the thing went no further.

A Quaker, it is said, took a remarkably fine looking horse to market for sale, and asked a high price for it. The animal attracted much notice, a bargain was soon struck, and a receipt given. The buyer was examining his purchase with scrutinizing admiration, when the Quaker said:

"Well, friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"None, whatever," was the answer.

"Neither will he ever *see any* in thee," said the Quaker.

"I say, old boy," cried Paul Pryer to an excavator in North Shields, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you digging there?"

"A big hole," the old boy replied.

Paul was not to be put off in this fashion.

"What are you going to do with the hole?"

"Going to cut it into small holes," replied the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate-posts."

Paul was sold.

It is said of Father Mabillon, who, throughout his youth and early manhood, was noted for his stupidity, that at the age of twenty-six he pitched against a staircase, fractured his skull, was trepanned, and afterwards possessed a luminous understanding. Perhaps other stupid fellows might as well try the experiment; at any rate no great harm could be done.

"Do you publish matrimonial notices for the subscribers to your paper?" said a gentlemanly-looking youth, stepping into our office the other morning.

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, then, I'll go and get married; for I don't see any other way of getting my name in your paper—since you have rejected all my poetical effusions."

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" asked a dandy bookseller of a home-dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble.

"Yes."

"Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves."

"That," replied the Quaker, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee had better present to thy mother."

An Englishman yesterday had purchased a small john of whiskey. Being a member of the "fourteen years' standing" society, he undertook to disguise the disguiser in a bag. But the bag not being long enough to cover the neck of the bottle, an Irishman, who happened to be present, suggested as a means of reducing the size of the package, "to take a few drinks out of it."

Little Boy—When I get bigger, Mr. Brown, you'll let me ride your horse, wont you?

Mr. Brown—Why, Charlie, I haven't any horse. What makes you think so?

Little Boy—Why, I heard mother say this morning that you had been riding a *high horse* lately.

"How are you, count?" said a noted wag to a spruce looking specimen of the genus snob.

"Sir!" exclaimed the indignant swell, "who are you, and why call me a count?"

"Why, I saw you counting oysters in New York last week, and I supposed you were of royal blood," said the wag. Snob vamosed.

When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realise so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was:

"Friend, by one article alone, in which thou mayest deal too if thou pleasest—civility."

Ugly.—The following from Punch is probably the severest satire ever uttered against human nature: Poll mankind to-morrow as to which of the two they would sooner be, "a knave or a fool," the majority would be at least two to one in favor of the knaves.

There is said to be a village out west so healthy that people can't die there, but are obliged to go to the next town if they are tired of living; and there were two men there who lived to be "so old" that they did not know who they were, and nobody could tell them.

ODE TO A SHANGHAI.

Feathered giraffe! who lent you wings?
  Who furnished you those legs?
How could such everlasting things
  As those, come out of eggs?

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The Arkansas Ranger:

—OR,—

DINGLE THE BACKWOODSMAN.

A STORY OF EAST AND WEST.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"That you could see her to-night."

"What?" exclaimed Allston. "What, see her—*her*, the countess Leonora, and to-night? Did you say to-night?"

"Hush—not so loud! Yes, you can see her to-night. Even now she is passionately kissing a little token, a keepsake of yours, and is chiding the slow footsteps of time."

"And you saw her, and came as the blessed messenger of such good tidings?" cried Allston, in a wild transport of joy and gratitude. "And Dingle will actually free me—and to-night? To-night I am to behold Leonora again? O, dear maiden, blessings upon your gentle head! Blessings upon the brave heart of my true friend! Blessings upon you both!"

"Your warmest thanks are due to Dingle. He is the author of your happiness," said the girl, warmly.

"But how am I to escape?" asked Allston, "and why this delay? If not now, why this evening? Since you are free to go, why may I not accompany you?"

"I have ways of going and coming which you cannot possibly avail yourself of."

"Then how in the name of Heaven is my liberty to be secured?"

"Do not ask me—and, above all, do not despair. Trust Dingle; he is true as steel and brave as his sword. He is now working with all his might, opening a passage to form a communication between the Castle and the Catacombs. There is an opening over yonder by which I passed, but the path is through the court-yard, and there you cannot possibly accompany me without detection."

"But the countess?"

"She shall share your flight."

"O, joy of joys! You are a good angel, signorina!"

"Not quite," said Nina, smiling; "only a simple girl, and your true friend. Ay, be patient till nightfall."

"But——"

"But what?"

"Should the plan fail——"

"That is scarcely possible."

"You are sure you can procure the key of the door?"

"Quite sure."

"You must have the key. Remember the door is of iron, and cannot be broken."

"Make yourself easy, signor. I shall have the key. And rely upon your friend; he will be here without fail."

"O, that I were free now!" cried Allston. "It seems as if an age were to pass between me and nightfall. And Leonora—— If this cup of proffered bliss were dashed to the ground, my heart would break utterly, Nina."

"Courage, signor. You have a soldier's gallant heart. You must borrow something of a woman's patience. *Addio!* Remember—at nightfall all will be well. *Addio!*"

The little vivandiere vanished down the long passage way, and Allston was left to himself. He seemed twice as lonely as before—as if the light of heaven had been withdrawn from him. The chains that bound him clanked heavily as he turned away, and he sighed as he thought of the long hours which separated him from Leonora. Dark forebodings clouded his spirit, adding to the gloom of his dungeon. What if the hope held out by Nina should prove an illusion? Courage? patience? How can a prisoner be brave and patient? In the early days of captivity it is difficult to be resigned.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DISCOVERY.

FAR under ground the gallant patriots were laboring at a passage in the rocks, the ranger setting the example and performing more work than any of his followers. Suddenly a man whom Dingle evidently expected, made his appearance.

"Well?" said the ranger, inquiringly.

"He has gone," said the panting messenger.

"Has he?" cried Dingle. "By all the saints in the Roman calendar, this is good news! When did he go?"

"At eleven."